LBIJER 161
folder 2

LBIJER 161

Ein Nazi fährt nach Palästina

folder 2

old number
161

Ein Nazi fährt nach PALÄSTINA

und erzählt

PALÄSTINA

und erzählt

davon ab morgen im

Ariel

BRINK

emokratie

nten und Abhilfe?

Pflichten der Beamten in einem sogenannten Beamtenstatut festgelegt werden. Es gehe nicht an, daß die Beamten alle Freiheiten ohne irgendwelche Verpflichtungen gegenüber dem Staat, der sie ernähre, genössen. Andererseits hätten die Beamten Anspruch auf Wahrnehmung und Schutz ihrer besonderen Belange durch den Staat.

Der Ministerpräsident wies dann darauf hin, daß er im Rahmen dieser Rundfunkansprache nicht alle Fragen behandeln könne, er müsse sich diese für eine Rundfunkrede in der kommenden Woche vorbehalten. Er deutete an, daß er dann die Organisation des Ministerpräsidiums, den **Aufbau eines berufsständisch gegliederten nationalen Wirtschaftsrates und von Gebietswirtschaftsräten**, die als Regierungsberater zu gelten hätten, behandeln werde. Er vertraue auf den klaren Blick, die Vernunft und die Vaterlandsliebe der Franzosen.

– fester Markt!

ozialistische Bauernpolitik

wurde nämlich möglich, die Preiskatastrophe in der Landwirtschaft aufzuhalten und eine entscheidende Besserung der Erlöse herbeizuführen, ohne den Verbrauch fühlbar zu belasten. Es wurde möglich, an die Stelle wilder und unberechenbarer Preisschwankungen eine feste und stetige Preisentwicklung zu setzen, die sich genau vorausberechnen und bestimmen ließ. Der Preis regierte nicht mehr uns und unsere Handlungen, sondern wir bestimmten den Preis. Und schließlich wurde es durch die Marktordnung möglich, die Stellung der Landwirtschaft im neuen Reich zu heben und zu stärken, ohne dabei, wie früher, mit unseren außenwirtschaftlichen Beziehungen und Interessen in Konflikt zu kommen; im Gegenteil: Die Marktordnung ermöglichte sogar eine Ausgestaltung bestimmter Handelsbeziehungen auf ganz neuer Grundlage."

Anschließend gab Darré ein eingehendes Bild der Einzelheiten dieser Entwicklung, um dann auf die Bedeutung der Landwirtschaft in der deutschen Gesamtwirtschaft näher einzugehen:

„Wenn beispielsweise die Landwirtschaft in der Arbeitsschlacht ungefähr 200 000 Erwerbslose aufgenommen hat, so ist zu berücksichtigen, daß diese Aufnahme dauernd sein dürfte, und daß es jetzt praktisch keine Arbeitslosigkeit in der Landwirtschaft mehr gibt. Neben dieser unmittelbaren Mitwirkung an der Arbeitsschlacht, die noch erheblich verstärkt werden kann, sind vor allem aber auch die mittelbaren Auswirkungen zu berücksichtigen. Zunächst prägt sich eine Besserung der landwirtschaftlichen Erlöse in einer Steigerung des Absatzes von Produktionsgütern aus, etwa von Düngemitteln, Maschinen und Geräten; ferner in einer Erhöhung der Spareinlagen auf dem Lande, wodurch ein erheblicher Beitrag zur Kapitalneubildung geliefert wird. Schließlich zeigt sich aber auch eine Steigerung des eigentlichen Verbrauchs des Bauern und eine Befruchtung der Konsumgüterindustrien."

et zum Erntedankfest

Elend im Unglücksgebiet von Wales

Eigener Bericht des Angriff

Th. London, 25. September

Die Grube von Wrexham bleibt für einige Monate, wenn nicht für ein halbes Jahr, vollkommen geschlossen. Dadurch werden 2000 Arbeiter brotlos. Das Elend der Belegschaft ist unbeschreiblich groß. Der bisherige Lohn der Arbeiter unter Tage war nur um weniges höher als Erwerbslosenunterstützung. Durchschnittlich brachten die Arbeiter 33 Schilling (etwa 20 RM) in der Woche mit nach Hause. Die Blätter rufen zwar zu Sammlungen auf, doch ist alles schlecht organisiert, und einzelne Zeitungen schämen sich nicht, aus dem furchtbaren Unglück Reklame zu machen. „Neun der trauernden Familien erhalten je 50 Pfund, weil sie durch das Abonnement der XY-Zeitung versichert waren", so heißt es in mehreren Londoner Blättern. „Hunger überschattet die Häuser der Bergarbeiter", schreibt der „Daily Expreß" als Ueberschrift, der auf der anderen Seite überheblich davon spricht, daß „die britische Rasse die beste der Welt" ist.

Japanfeindliche Zwischenfälle in Amerika

Bombenanschläge auf Siedler

Tokio, 25. September

Wie die japanische Presse meldet, haben sich im Staat Arizona in den Vereinigten Staaten japanfeindliche Kundgebungen ereignet. In mehreren Fällen sind die Anwesen japanischer Siedler von Sprengstoffanschlägen heimgesucht worden. Der japanische Konsul in Los Angeles wird bei den amerikanischen zuständigen Stellen Protest einlegen.

Mehr Schwerbeschädigte fanden Arbeit

Die Jahresmeldungen der Hauptfürsorgestellen an die Reichsanstalt für Arbeitsvermittlung und Arbeitslosenversicherung zeigen einen erfreulichen Rückgang der Arbeitslosigkeit unter den Schwerbeschädigten gegenüber den Vorjahren. Bei der Jahreserhebung am 31. März 1934, die sich auf alle in den Listen der Vermittlungsstellen für Schwerbeschädigte geführten Personen erstreckte, wurden insgesamt 395 303 Schwerbeschädigte und ihnen Gleichgestellte gezählt. Von den bei der Zählung erfaßten Personen waren **30 797 arbeitsfähige Schwerbeschädigte und Gleichgestellte arbeitslos gegenüber 46 780 am 31. März 1933.** Diese Zahlen bringen aber den Rückgang der tatsächlichen Arbeitslosigkeit unter den Schwerbeschädigten nicht voll zum Ausdruck. In den Krisenjahren ist nämlich in verschiedenen Bezirken eine Anzahl von arbeitslosen Schwerbeschädigten den Vermittlungsstellen ferngeblieben, weil sie die Inanspruchnahme der Arbeitsvermittlung für aussichtslos hielt. Diese Schwerbeschädigten, die in den Vorjahren in der Statistik nicht als arbeitslos gezählt worden sind, sind 1933 wieder in die Arbeitsvermittlung der Fürsorgebehörden aufgenommen worden. Der nationalsozialistische Staat hat damit bereits im ersten Jahr seines Bestehens eine durchgreifende Besserung in der beruflichen Versorgung der Schwerkriegs- und Schwerunfallbeschädigten erreicht.

Keine unausgedroschenen Garben als Festschmuck

Hannover, 25. September

Die Erntedankfestleitung teilt mit:

Es entspricht dem Geiste des Erntedankfestes, daß kein Teil der deutschen Ernte auf irgendeine Weise verschwende wird oder verloren geht. Es wird daher als selbstverständlich vorausgesetzt, daß die Festwagen beim Erntedankfest, die für Umzüge in Städten und Dörfern Verwendung finden, und auch die Schaufenster mit ausgedroschenen Garben geschmückt werden. Es dürfte sich dabei empfehlen, handgedroschenes Stroh in gut gebundenen Bunden zu

lieve der Franzosen.

— fester Markt!

ozialistische Bauernpolitik

wurde nämlich möglich, die Preiskatastrophe in der Landwirtschaft aufzuhalten und eine entscheidende Besserung der Erlöse herbeizuführen, ohne den Verbrauch fühlbar zu belasten. Es wurde möglich, an die Stelle wilder und unberechenbarer Preisschwankungen eine feste und stetige Preisentwicklung zu setzen, die sich genau vorausberechnen und bestimmen ließ. Der Preis regierte nicht mehr uns und unsere Handlungen, sondern wir bestimmten den Preis. Und schließlich wurde es durch die Marktordnung möglich, die Stellung der Landwirtschaft im neuen Reich zu heben und zu stärken, ohne dabei, wie früher, mit unseren außenwirtschaftlichen Beziehungen und Interessen in Konflikt zu kommen; im Gegenteil: Die Marktordnung ermöglichte sogar eine Ausgestaltung bestimmter Handelsbeziehungen auf ganz neuer Grundlage."

Anschließend gab Darré ein eingehendes Bild der Einzelheiten dieser Entwicklung, um dann auf die Bedeutung der Landwirtschaft in der deutschen Gesamtwirtschaft näher einzugehen:

„Wenn beispielsweise die Landwirtschaft in der Arbeitsschlacht ungefähr 200 000 Erwerbslose aufgenommen hat, so ist zu berücksichtigen, daß diese Aufnahme dauernd sein dürfte, und daß es jetzt praktisch keine Arbeitslosigkeit in der Landwirtschaft mehr gibt. Neben dieser unmittelbaren Mitwirkung an der Arbeitsschlacht, die noch erheblich verstärkt werden kann, sind vor allem aber auch die mittelbaren Auswirkungen zu berücksichtigen. Zunächst prägt sich eine Besserung der landwirtschaftlichen Erlöse in einer Steigerung des Absatzes von Produktionsgütern aus, etwa von Düngemitteln, Maschinen und Geräten; ferner in einer Erhöhung der Spareinlagen auf dem Lande, wodurch ein erheblicher Beitrag zur Kapitalneubildung geliefert wird. Schließlich zeigt sich aber auch eine Steigerung des eigentlichen Verbrauchs des Bauern und eine Befruchtung der Konsumgüterindustrien."

et zum Erntedankfest

eb ertragung der Rede des Führers beim schon zum Aufbau bereit

in Amerika

Bombenanschläge auf Siedler

Tokio, 25. September

Wie die japanische Presse meldet, haben sich im Staat Arizona in den Vereinigten Staaten japanfeindliche Kundgebungen ereignet. In mehreren Fällen sind die Anwesen japanischer Siedler von Sprengstoffanschlägen heimgesucht worden. Der japanische Konsul in Los Angeles wird bei den amerikanischen zuständigen Stellen Protest einlegen.

Mehr Schwerbeschädigte fanden Arbeit

Die Jahresmeldungen der Hauptfürsorgestellen an die Reichsanstalt für Arbeitsvermittlung und Arbeitslosenversicherung zeigen einen erfreulichen Rückgang der Arbeitslosigkeit unter den Schwerbeschädigten gegenüber den Vorjahren. Bei der Jahreserhebung am 31. März 1934, die sich auf alle in den Listen der Vermittlungsstellen für Schwerbeschädigte geführten Personen erstreckte, wurden insgesamt 395 303 Schwerbeschädigte und ihnen Gleichgestellte gezählt. Von den bei der Zählung erfaßten Personen waren **30 797 arbeitsfähige Schwerbeschädigte und Gleichgestellte arbeitslos gegenüber 46 780 am 31. März 1933.** Diese Zahlen bringen aber den Rückgang der tatsächlichen Arbeitslosigkeit unter den Schwerbeschädigten nicht voll zum Ausdruck. In den Krisenjahren ist nämlich in verschiedenen Bezirken eine Anzahl von arbeitslosen Schwerbeschädigten den Vermittlungsstellen ferngeblieben, weil sie die Inanspruchnahme der Arbeitsvermittlung für aussichtslos hielt. Diese Schwerbeschädigten, die in den Vorjahren in der Statistik nicht als arbeitslos gezählt worden sind, sind 1933 wieder in die Arbeitsvermittlung der Fürsorgebehörden aufgenommen worden. Der nationalsozialistische Staat hat damit bereits im ersten Jahr seines Bestehens eine durchgreifende Besserung in der beruflichen Versorgung der Schwerkriegs- und Schwerunfallbeschädigten erreicht.

Keine unausgedroschenen Garben als Festschmuck

Hannover, 25. September

Die Erntedankfestleitung teilt mit:

Es entspricht dem Geiste des Erntedankfestes, daß kein Teil der deutschen Ernte auf irgendeine Weise verschwendet wird oder verloren geht. Es wird daher als selbstverständlich vorausgesetzt, daß die Festwagen beim Erntedankfest, die für Umzüge in Städten und Dörfern Verwendung finden und auch die Schaufenster mit ausgedroschenen Garben geschmückt werden. Es dürfte sich dabei empfehlen, handgedroschenes Stroh in gut gebundenen Puppen zu verwenden. Das Bild der Erntewagen und der Schmuck der Schaufenster wird dadurch keineswegs beeinträchtigt.

Wenn man in Betracht zieht, daß es sich für das ganze deutsche Reich um viele Hunderte von Zentnern Brotgetreide handelt, die beim Erntedankfest in Gestalt von ungedroschenen Garben in die Städte wandern und danach für Ernährungszwecke verloren gehen würden, dürfte diese Maßnahme allgemein verständlich sein. Ausnahmen können bei den Wagen, die in den Städten Verwendung finden, lediglich für Erntekronen und Erntekränze gemacht werden.

Hauptschriftleiter: Hans Schwarz van Berk, zugleich verantwortlich für Politik; Kultur: Martin Bethke; Bewegung: Kurt Kaufmann, Unpolitischer Teil: Otto Paust; Lokales: Hermann Hiddickow; Sport: Dr. Storz; Bilderdienst: Dr. Diebow; sämtlich in Berlin. Anzeigenleiter: Ulrich Herold, Berlin-Halensee. DA VIII. 72 006.

Einzelpreise: Groß-Berlin 10 Pfg.; Auswärts 15 Pfg. Ausland mit ermäßigtem Porto 20 Pfg., übriges Ausland 25 Pfg.

Verlag: Zentralverlag der NSDAP. Franz Eher Nachf. GmbH. Zweigniederlassung Berlin. Berlin SW 68, Zimmerstraße 88.

Fernruf: A 1 Jäger 0022.

Druck: Rotadruck GmbH., Berlin SW 68, Alexandrinenstraß

...nie bei mir!

Ein Nazi fährt nach Palästina

„Warum fährt er dahin? Hat er nötig?
Er hat uns doch hier!"

Berliner Führer grüßen den Bauern

Dr. Lippert

Liebe zu Heimat und Volkstum, Achtung vor der ehrwürdigen Tradition und das Bewußtsein der engen Verbundenheit des Großstädters mit dem Bauerntum sind die Träger des Erntedankfestes. Der ethische Wert und der tiefere Sinn dieses Tages liegen darin, jedem Volksgenossen zu zeigen, daß der deutsche Bauer die Grundlage von Volk und Reich bildet. Wie alle ähnlichen nationalsozialistischen Veranstaltungen der letzten Zeit soll durch das Erntedankfest erneut der Geist zum Ausdruck kommen, der diese Feiern seit der nationalen Erhebung beherrscht hat. Die Berliner Bevölkerung wird durch ihre Teilnahme an den Veranstaltungen der politischen Organisation und der SA am Sonntag zu erkennen geben, daß ihr die Scholle und das Bauerntum Heimat bedeuten, mit der sie eng verbunden ist.

Dr. Lippert,
Staatskommissar der Hauptstadt Berlin.

Görlitzer

Adolf Hitler hat uns Deutschen das Bewußtsein wiedergegeben, daß, wie alle Stände des Volkes, auch Stadt und Land eine unlösbare Schicksalsgemeinschaft bilden. Wer sie bricht, zerbricht das deutsche Volk; wer sie angreift, zerstört das Reich.

Der Erntedanktag ist heute nicht mehr eine Dankesfeier des Landes allein. Auch der Großstädter ist sich im Nationalsozialismus der starken Quelle seiner Kraft bewußt geworden, die im Lande liegen und aus dem ewig jungen Born deutschen Bauerntums gespeist werden. Auch der Städter weiß heute: Stirbt der Bauer, so stirbt das Volk!

So wollen wir die deutschen Bauern am Sonntag in der Reichshauptstadt begrüßen als die Vertreter unserer selbst und unseres besten Blutes. In den Männern und Frauen der Scholle grüßen wir die Träger deutscher Kraft und deutschen Volkstums.

Das Band, das Bauer und Städter im Vorjahr geschlossen, hat in immer wachsender Stärke unser ganzes Volk verbunden. Es wurde zum leuchtenden Symbol deutscher Volksgemeinschaft, deutscher Einheit und Größe. Solange wir leben, soll es nie mehr zerrissen werden! Die nach uns kommen, werden wachen und kämpfen, daß es in alle Zukunft nicht zerrissen wird.

Görlitzer, Stellv. Gauleiter.

von Jagow

Zahlreiche Angehörige des Bauernstandes versehen in der SA und auch in der SA-Gruppe Berlin-Brandenburg mit Freuden ihren Dienst, der oft schwerer ist als der SA-Dienst in der Stadt, denn weite Wege müssen überwunden werden, um den Antrittsplatz zu erreichen. Diese Männer stellen damit unter Beweis, daß sie ihrem Führer als Soldaten der Scholle dienen wollen.

Lange Monate mühsamer Arbeit liegen hinter dem deutschen Bauern. Die Früchte dieser Arbeit liegen wohl verwahrt in Scheunen und Schauern, und da ist es an der Zeit, nach alter Sitte und Väterart das Erntedankfest zu begehen. Aber nicht — wie in früheren Jahren —

Bei den Jungen aus der Napola

Wie Preußen seinen Führernachwuchs erzieht

„Bitte Platz nehmen zum ersten Mittagessen!" Das lassen wir uns nicht zweimal sagen. Die freundliche Stimme tönt aus dem Munde — nicht eines Mitropa-Kellners — sondern aus dem nimmer stillen des Küchenbullen der Napola Plön. Nun wollen Sie wissen, was „Napola" heißt. Das haben wir als Abkürzung selbst erfunden, denn „Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalt", wie sich die zehn Schulen Preußens nennen, in denen Führernachwuchs für den Staat erzogen werden soll, das ist zu lang und zu schwer auszusprechen.

Der Küchenbulle kredenzt ein Glas frische Milch und drückt uns eine Stulle in die Hand. Landbrot mit Schinken. Den ganzen lieben Tag sind wir durch die Weserberge gefahren, die sich zwischen der Leine und dem soviel besungenen Fluß dehnen, um einmal einen Einblick in die Arbeit der Nationalpolitischen Erziehungsanstalten zu gewinnen, die sich hier zu einer achttägigen geländesportlichen Uebung zusammengefunden haben.

„Was sollen die Jungen hier im Gelände?" fragen wir den Leiter der Anstalt. „Wir wollen ganze Kerle erziehen," kommt seine Antwort, „keine Bücherwürmer wie früher, sondern Charaktere, Jungens, die körperlich gehärtet sind. Das ist in der Schule und im Klassenhof allein nicht möglich, dazu müssen sie einmal raus."

25 Pfund Gepäck

So sind sie denn losgezogen, die Schüler der zehn preußischen Anstalten, um zum Treffpunkt an der Leine zu marschieren. Die ersten trafen wir schon unterwegs, als wir im Walde die steile Brockenstraße heraufkurvten. Vor uns marschierte eine Kolonne in der schmucken, braun-grünen Uniform. Es sind die Spandauer. Von Wernigerode nach Goslar marschieren sie über den Brocken, 25 Pfund Gepäck im Tornister. Vorn weg die Primaner und dann, immer kleiner werdend, die Schüler herab bis zur Quarta. Sie sind am eifrigsten und beißen die Zähne zusammen, denn sie wollen den Großen zeigen, daß sie auch schon Kerle sind. Wir haben doch Bedenken, ob sie das schaffen werden 35 Kilometer am Tage mit solcher Steigung Gepäck?

Auf dem Ith, einem reizvollen Höhenzug, fen wir die Spandauer wieder. Tage sind gangen, die immer neue Strapazen verl haben. Aber sie sind frisch.

„Wie war es mit dem Brocken?" werden neugierig. „Kinderspiel!" ist die Antwort, „ haben wir's geschafft, und unter 240 war nur zwei weich in den Beinen. machen sie schon wieder tüchtig mit." —

Alle Berufe vertreten

Neben uns steht ein kleiner Hornist. „W willst du werden, Junge?" — „Biologe." „Nanu?" — „Ja, mir macht das Spaß, me Lehrer sagt auch, ich tauge dazu." — „Und du — „Jurist, Mediziner, Lehrer, Ingenieur, S dat" — alle Berufe sind vertreten. So werde die nationalpolitischen Erziehungsa. re mal überall ins Volk hinein junge Führer schicke die leben und arbeiten als vorbildliche Nationa sozialisten.

Ueber dem Tal vor dem Ith liegt eine frie liche Stille. Unten gehen Bauern und schle dern die Saat in den fruchtbaren Schoß d Erde. Ein Falke steht über dem Busch u stößt mit einem heiseren Schrei nach unt Drüben auf dem Waldhügel hängen Fetzen d Morgennebels, den die wolkenverschattete Son noch nicht verjagen konnte. Jetzt bricht es au einmal aus dem Wald hervor. Einzelne Gesta ten lösen sich aus dem schützenden Schatten d Bäume hier und dort, und immer mehr werde es, immer breiter wird die Front — Jugend i Vormarsch. Auf dem Ith selbst liegen die ar deren, denen dieser Angriff im Geländespiel gil Radfahrer sausen hin und her, Meldungen wer den gemacht, Befehle signalisiert, der Geländ sport ist im Gange. Da packen si in de Flanke. Eine lustige Rauferei setzt ein und — für die Jungen viel zu früh — ertönt das Horn signal zum Abbruch.

Die Schulen gruppieren sich, Tro. irbel schlagen, Hörner schmettern, die Beine fliegen im Rhythmus der Musik und ab geht es mit munterem Sang in die Quartiere.

Im Thespis-Omnibus in die Mark

Eine besondere Erntedankfestfreude macht die NS-Gemeinschaft „Kraft durch Freude" zwanzig Artisten, die bisher keine Beschäftigung hatten. Im Einvernehmen mit dem Gauwalter der NSG „K. d. F.", Pg. Wohlleben hat der Leiter der Artisten-Arbeitsbeschaffungsstelle Semmel-Sembach eine Fahrt im „Thespis-Omnibus" nach Frankfurt an der Oder und einigen märkischen Orten organisiert, die heute vormittag begann. Der Musikzug der Standarte 12 unter Sturmbannführer Ewers spielte zum Abschied der Artisten vor dem Bahnhof Friedrichstraße eine Platzmusik. Den Artisten las man ihre Freude, daß sie nun wieder Arbeit gefunden haben, von den Gesichtern. Jedem von ihnen wurde zum guten Beginn ein Erntesträußchen mit einem kleinen Angebinde überreicht. Der Rundfunk machte eine Aufnahme, bei der die glücklichen Artisten sich vorstellten: „Ich bin Ingrid Flentjen — die Trillerkönigin" — „Gestatten Sie — Woldemar ... Hexer" — und man hörte dabei

Tätigkeit neben dem eigenen Aufbau und der Schaffung von Unterorganisationen im Reich wirtschaftliche und rechtliche Fragen zu lösen hatte, bevor sie sich den kulturellen Problemen mit ganzer Kraft widmen konnte. Nach den Ausführungen des Musikbeauftragten besteht die Hauptaufgabe in dem für das Reich maßgebenden Berliner Musikleben in Zukunft darin, das Konzertleben durch Programmausgleich, Vermeidung des zeitlichen Zusammenfassens von wichtigen Veranstaltungen neu zu ordnen, den Nachwuchs zu fördern und alle Volkskreise zur Teilnahme an den Aufgaben der Kunst heranzuziehen. Hierbei ist ein Handinhandarbeiten mit der NS-Kulturgemeinde geplant. Zur Förderung des Nachwuchses wurden für das nächste Halbjahr 22 „Stunden der Musik" in der Singakademie eingerichtet, bei denen regelmäßig Sonntags, nachmittags um 5 Uhr, ein junger Künstler im Verein mit einem Prominenten auftreten wird, der für das gleiche Honorar mitwirkt. Hierzu haben sich erfreulicherweise unsere führenden Ausübenden ausnahmslos zur Ver- stellt

By surface mail

Dr. Hans Tramer
c/o Leo Baeck Institute
Baeck House
33, Bustanai Street,
JERUSALEM
Israel

Kirschner-Buch S. 82

Photo

Plakette

1) „Ein Nazi kämpft nach Palästina und erzählt davon im Angriff"

Plakette verdankt ihre Entstehung auf Veranlassung v. Dr. Meyer Dr. Weltsch

Zur Verfügung gestellt von Dr. Franz Meyer

2) Tag der Arbeit 1934

EIN NAZI FÄHRT NACH PALÄSTINA
UND ERZÄHLT DAVON IM
Angriff

Zum Buch v. Kirschner,
Spottmedaillen

~~Kollege~~ Negativ
Negativ Künze

ALICE NEGIDI
T. A., 84/86 Dizengoff st.

עליזה נגידי
ת״א, רח׳ דיזנגוף 84/86

TEL. 227825 טל.

TAG DER
1933

Siehe
in:
Jüdische Rundschau,
28.9.1934, S.1

„Ein Nazi fährt nach Palästina"

מכון ע"ש ליאו בק
Leo Baeck Institute
FOUNDED BY THE COUNCIL OF JEWS FROM GERMANY
JERUSALEM · LONDON · NEW YORK / ניו-יורק · לונדון · ירושלים

ברגשי כבוד

With Compliments

TEL-AVIV, 15, RAMBAM ST., P.O.B. 1480 ת. ד. 1480 תל-אביב, רח' רמב"ם 15
Telephone 61 44 11 טלפון

Dr. Werner Bloch
214 Ben Yehudu St.
Tel-Aviv

ד"ר ורנר בלוך
רחוב בן-יהודה 214
תל-אביב

October 1963.

Die 12 Reiseberichte von
LIM im "Angriff"
"Ein Nazi fährt nach
Palästina"
sind v. Leopold von Hildesheim
geschrieben worden. - Dieser war
im Frühling 1934 — auf seine
Kosten — mit seiner Frau ca.
2 Wochen im Lande. Auf Veran-
lassung von H. Sklarek bereiste
ich mit seiner Frau und übe in
seinem Auto die jüdischen Sied-
lungs-Gebiete.

Werner Bloch.

'Jerusalem Post' 27/IV/1961

Eichmann and the Mufti

By MACABEE DEAN
Jerusalem Post Reporter

THE Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el Husseini asked Eichmann to send someone to Palestine "after the Axis victory" to be his adviser on Jewish affairs.

This information is contained in a document written by Eichmann's aide, Dieter Wisliceny, for the Nuremberg Tribunal, which was submitted to the Eichmann trial court yesterday morning. Excerpts from this declaration follow:

Through my activities in the head office of the S.D. in Berlin (Wislicency wrote) I know that in 1937 contact had already been established between the S.D. and the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

Information was collected through the D.N.B., the official German news agency in Palestine, from its correspondent, Dr. Reichert, and sent to Otto von Bolswing and to Leopold von Mildenstein, both of the S.D. in Berlin. Mildenstein was in 1936/37 head of the Department for Jewish Affairs at S.D. headquarters.

The S.D. had complete confidence in Dr. Reichert, who was killed in a train accident in Hanover in 1941.

In Palestine in 1937

In the autumn of 1937, two men of the S.D.'s Jewish Department, Adolf Eichmann and Herbert Hagen, later a Sturmbanfuehrer in Paris, went to Palestine and Egypt. The purpose of the visit, in addition to obtaining general information on Zionism, was to call on the Grand Mufti. Dr. Reichert was to arrange for the meeting, which, however, did not take place, because the English authorities limited the stay in Palestine of Eichmann and Hagen —both had valid tourist visas — to 48 hours.

In Cairo, the two met with Arab nationalists, including a journalist from Jerusalem, who was close to the Grand Mufti.

After the Mufti arrived in Germany in late 1941 he called on Himmler. Shortly afterwards, he visited the head of the Jewish Department in the Gestapo, Obersturmbanfuehrer Adolf Eichmann, in his office in Berlin, Kurfuerstenstrasse 116. I don't remember the exact date of the visit, but it was late 1941 or early 1942.

In any case, I was in Berlin a few days later and Eichmann gave me a detailed report of what was said.

Lectured to Mufti

Eichmann said he had given a lecture in his map room for the Mufti comprising statistical information on the Jewish population of the various European countries, and what the Germans were doing towards a solution of the Jewish question in Europe. The Mufti seemed very impressed by Eichmann and said that he had already obtained Himmler's approval that Eichmann delegate someone to come to Jerusalem as his personal adviser. Eichmann asked me if I would accept the post, but I rejected in principle 'such eastern adventures.'

Eichmann told me then, and again later, that the Mufti made a strong impression on him, and also on Himmler, and that he would be influential in Arab-Jewish matters.

I know that Eichmann saw and spoke to the Mufti on several subsequent occasions. At any rate, Eichmann brought this up in a conversation (we held) in the summer of 1944 in Budapest.

At the end of 1942 I tried at the request of a group (from the) Joint of Bratislava to persuade Eichmann and Himmler to stop exterminating European Jewry and to allow some Jewish children to emigrate to Palestine through Rumania. Eichmann, with the approval of Himmler, gave an order to bring 10,000 Jewish children from Poland to Theresienstadt and to exchange them for German civilians under detention (abroad) through the good services of the International Red Cross.

I had already discussed with representatives of the Joint in Bratislava the possibility of allowing adults to accompany the transport, and we even discussed the number. Some of the children even arrived in Theresienstadt.

Eichmann then told me to report to him in Berlin, and he told me there that the matter had come to the notice of the Mufti through his intelligence service in Palestine. He (the Mufti) had protested strongly to Himmler against the scheme, giving as his reason that these Jewish children would be adults in a few years and would reinforce the Palestine Jewish community.

Operation Cancelled

According to Eichmann, Himmler cancelled the entire operation and even issued a blank order banning any future occurrences of this nature, so that no Jew would henceforth be allowed to go to Palestine from areas under German control. The ban was later confirmed to me by the Joint people.

Himmler's stand later had a fateful influence on all the discussions, especially in Budapest in 1944. It foiled any opportunity of compromise on the question of Hungarian Jewry, for Palestine was the only country which came into consideration which could absorb large numbers of Jewish women and children.

During the Mufti's entire stay in Germany he was accompanied by a liaison officer from the Security Police. This was a hauptsturmfuehrer, whose name I cannot remember. Walter Schnellenberg, head of Department VI (foreign intelligence service), should know about this. Schnellenberg was in prison in Nuremberg at the end of June.

... Through Paces

Hundreds of girl soldiers in white sports outfits, and carrying pink and blue balloons, performed in a mass calisthenics display, followed by barechested soldiers in rifle exercises.

Five New Settlements

Five Nahal outposts that will shortly become permanent settlements — Notria, Keren Shalom, Kziot, Beerotayim and Ein Yahav — were presented flags by the Prime Minister.

A glimpse of the fighting qualities of Nahal came with sudden bursts of machine-

Jordan Returns American Student

Jerusalem Post Reporter

A 20-year-old American student at a Jewish Agency seminar in Jerusalem, Mr. Noam Spector, was returned to Israel at Mandelbaum Gate yesterday after having inadvertently crossed the lines two weeks ago.

Mr. Spector, who arrived in September to study at the Greenberg Institute for the Training of Teachers from Abroad, is a sophomore at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Police were not informed of his disappearance until the end of last week, students at the seminar believing he had gone off for a trip. Upon notification, police made inquiries to the Jordanian authorities and found that Spector was in prison in the Old City.

He had crossed the lines during a Sabbath morning stroll in the Talpiot quarter.

The young man said the Jordanians had questioned him on the situation in J...

IHUD
INSURANCE AGENCIES LTD.
SELA
INSURANCE CO. LTD.
TEL AVIV · JERUSALEM · HAIFA · NATHANYA · TIBERIAS

European Land-Water Body Holds Sessions in Herzliya

Jerusalem Post Reporter

HERZLIYA. — The fourth session of the Sub-commission on Land and Water of the F.A.O. European Commission on Agriculture opened at the Tadmor Hotel here yesterday in the presence of member delegates from 15 countries.

Old Negev Oil Site Being Redrilled

Jerusalem Post Reporter

TEL AVIV. — Drilling operations in the Rachme concession, south of the Zohar field, were launched by the Lapidot Company this week.

The concession straddles a chain of formation-prospects, one of which was drilled by the Israel American Oil Corporation in 1955. While the resultant bore-hole (R-I) was later classified as a dry-hole, a subsequent check of the drill-log and of logs carried out at a later date pinpointed two likely strata at 650 and 850 metres. One of the retrieved drill cores also showed distinct oil stains.

In view of the relatively shallow depth of the two target strata, Lapidot hopes to complete the well within the next three to four weeks.

The Israel Negev Petroleum Company, the proprietor of the concession, is registered in Delaware. One third of its shares are owned by private investors while the remainder were bought up by Lapidot several years ago. Lapidot's operations on the concession are as drilling contractors.

Spinning Mill Opened in Lydda

TEL AVIV. — The Duckert spinning mill was officially opened yesterday afternoon in the presence of the Minister of Commerce and Industry, Mr. Pinhas Sapir; the Mayor of Lydda, Mr. Alexander Kamil; Mrs. Dvorah Netzer, M.K.; representatives of the Histadrut Executive, and other guests.

The mill was set up jointly by Tiug and the Dukert knitwear company of Tel Aviv, with an investment of IL45,000 and IL25,000 respectively. It now employs 32 women, and is expected to go into full production in about

HOARD OF HATE

The trail which begins with a medal bearing both a Magen David and a swastika leads WIM VAN LEER to a forgotten collection of anti-Semitic medals.

SOME 30 YEARS AGO I found myself on the pavements of Leipzig, retracing my steps during an earlier occasion when all around me uniformed louts were smashing shop-windows, looting furs and rounding up frightened Jews, an occasion now known as *Kristallnacht*.

Passing by a small shop whose window contained a jumble of bric-à-brac, I spotted a dusty coin embossed with a Magen David. I went inside and paid five marks to become the owner of this enigmatic brass artifact of the Nazi period.

The medal bears the legend "A Nazi goes to Palestine." On its reverse surface, it continues, "and tells the story in *Der Angriff*," a publication owned by Dr. Josef Goebbels.

Why should anyone mint a medal to commemorate a series of newspaper articles, even if the newspaper was owned by Dr. Goebbels? Why should the paper use the then somewhat derogatory word "Nazi"? When were the articles written and where could one find copies? And so on.

A recent visit to Berlin for that city's film festival prompted renewed interest in the medal. Magnification revealed that it had been manufactured by the firm of Christian Lauen in Nuremberg, as good a starting-point as any.

Founded in 1792, the firm had been acquired in 1906 by Gustav Rockstroh, whose grandson is the present manager. I spoke to the latter's father, who is now in his mid-eighties and does not remember ever having seen the medal, let alone having manufactured it. I tried to refresh his memory by mentioning the text and the swastika. This was a mistake, since the mention of the word swastika has an amnesic effect in Germany these days. End of the line.

The Numismatic Cabinet in Munich brought the existence of a book entitled *German Satirical Medals about Jews (Deutsche Spottmedaillen auf Juden)* to my attention. I hunted down a copy published in 1968. Written by Dr. Bruno Kirschner, who died in Jerusalem in 1964, it depicts my medal without commenting on it. However, it gives the date of minting as 1934. And this enabled me to engage a researcher to trace the articles in the files of the Institute of Contemporary History in Munich.

Meanwhile, Kirschner's book opened up a new facet of Germany's ingrained tradition of overt anti-Semitism. Most of the medals depicted and described date from the Lutheran reformation onwards, and what a fascinating can of Worms they prove to be. But first let us get our terminology right.

In the numismatic trade the official translation of *Spottmedaillen* is "satirical medals." This may well be correct for the many medals which constitute a caricaturistic, jocular or parodic attack against the powers temporal or spiritual. But in the case of anti-Semitic medals, the word derisory or even scurrilous would be more appropriate. For the hatred and abuse that spring from these artifacts have to be seen to be believed. The late Bruno Kirschner and his publisher (Ernst Battenberg Verlag, Munich) must be commended for giving them the exposure they deserve.

THE ILLUMINATED medal is an ideal medium for the dissemination of simple ideas. It has the pictorial impact of a cartoon combined with a compressed legend, usually a one-liner. The two sides, obverse and reverse, afford juxtaposition of good and evil, right and wrong, crime and punishment. Or just conflict, the essence of parody and satire. Thus, in support of the Reformation a flood of anti-Popish medals flowed from the engravers and minters of the ancient Bohemian city of Joachimsthal.

According to Kirschner, anti-Semitic medals fall into three categories:

- individual denigration, against Jud Süss, Kurt Eisner, etc.;
- historically derisory: Turkish wars/Conflagration of the Judengasse in Frankfurt am Main/Sabbatean movement;
- collectively derisory: baptism, corn-Jews, cheating Jews, usurious Jews.

Some medals are shown, others are merely described, not necessarily in the above order.

A baptism medal (ca. 1650) shows on the obverse a Jew being baptized and kneeling by a river, a millstone tied around his neck and a henchman standing by to push him in. The legend reads "Thus (drowned) he shall endure," meaning that a converted Jew in order to remain a Christian needs eternal immersion as guaranteed by the millstone. The reverse legend reads: "A Jew only becomes a Christian when he has committed a crime, usually for money, so that they won't hang him. For, should he steal, they will punish him harshly." The marginal inscription reads "As sure as no mouse will eat a cat, the Jew won't make a Christian."

A curious exception is a laudatory medal struck in 1817 to celebrate the conversion to Catholicism of the Strassburger brothers Ratisbonne. This shows "the image of Maria before which Alphonese Marie Ratisbonne heard the voice that called him from the synagogue to Christianity."

In 1843 the brothers founded the convent of Our Lady of Zion in Jerusalem.

Other medals accuse the Jews of violating the Host in Enghien (Belgium) and Reggendorf (Germany).

The famous "camel-swallowing" medal derides the Jew for observing the trivia of the Tora while ignoring the main teaching, thus "seeing the mosquito and swallowing the camel." The obverse shows a Jew in his *talit* with the inscription "The Pharisee resurrected." On the reverse we find a negroid dwarf catching mosquitoes while swallowing a camel. The legend reads "Mosquito Suckler and Camel Swallower."

Another medal shows a pack of ravaging wolves, symbolizing papal greed for souls, lawyers' hunger for fat fees, and Jews yearning for fraudulent gain, all popular images. The legend, which rhymes in the original, reads: "Who trusts a wolf in the open meadow, a Jew by his oath and a cleric or lawyer by his conscience will be swindled (literally shat upon) by all four." What those early Jewbaiters lacked in subtlety they matched with lack of wit.

AN INTERESTING category comprises medals dealing with "feather Jews" and *"Hahnrei* (or cuckold) Jews." These were minted from 1670 till 1710, and only the obverse has any reference to Jews. One depicts a Jew carrying a large sack inscribed with the words *"Vitia Propria"* (his own vice), looking at the purse in his hands inscribed *"Vitia aliena"* (other people's vices). Because of the cock-feathers in his hat he is ironically called a "feather Jew," the cock symbolizing sexual prowess. The message is clear: "I know my wife is cuckolding me. So what? Others suffer in the same way but either don't know or don't admit it." Thus the feathers take the place of the traditional cuckold's horns, and the marginal legend reads "Don't mock him, for truly many a cuckold has exchanged his wife's virtue for office or profit."

In 1738 a number of medals of derision were minted to commemorate the downfall and execution of Joseph Süss Oppenheimer, whose methods of taxation and social reforms were much resented by the populace. The obverse of one shows his image and name. Above centre reverse shows a carriage with servants in attendance, while in the lower half we see Süss in the hangman's tumbril accompanied by soldiers. Says the legend: "Such is your fate!"

In another version we see Jew Süss in a cage whose trap is about to be sprung. The marginal legend reads: "From this birdcage the villain Süss looks out."

Another butt of anti-Semitic excess was the so-called "corn-Jew," on which subject medals were minted from 1694 until as late as 1923.

In times of disaster such as war, flood, drought, hail, etc. the urban population saw the price of its staple foods rise and blamed the grain merchant, an early version of the black marketeer of World War II; the true causes of the price-rises were backward agricultural methods, inefficient stockpiling, and transportation. The Jew as middleman between town and country took the brunt of the hungry mob's wrath, which was expressed in hundreds of so-called "hunger medals," some of which even blamed the Jews for the absence of rain.

In one configuration we see a bearded Jew carrying a large bag of corn on which a small devil is seated, piercing the bag, wasting its contents. The legend reads "You corn Jew!" and "Hard Times 1694." The reverse side of this type of medal usually shows a bushel-measure; the inscriptions vary. One version quotes Proverbs 11.26: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." Another *cri de coeur* gives the prices of bread, mutton, beef, flour butter and beer.

A variation on this theme shows a Jew hanging from a tree, with a devil tightening the noose. On the

(Above) *Open-sided 'safari,' which now transports troops to Lebanon.*
(Below) *Traffic jam at Israeli roadblock in eastern Lebanon.*

(Above) *Truck is towed away after driver was killed by terrorist ambush.*
(Below) *Doorless car is typical of vehicles on Lebanese roads.*

drivers had to do guard duty: arguments galore.

An exception to this rule was made for an Israeli contractor hired by the army to repair the Sahmour road. His heavy trucks could come and go when and as they pleased — on the road strictly closed to army traffic. These trucks were not accompanied by armed vehicles, nor did they carry soldiers in their cabs. In fact, the army was so eager for them to finish the work quickly that one officer working with the contractor told me, "Keep the road clear of civilian traffic for them, so that they are not hindered. Every hour they work is costing the army a lot of money."

I wanted to ask: "If the road is so dangerous, why work on it?" But I just shrugged.

Closing the road caused chaos. Army and civilian traffic piled up instantly. The army drivers always left their engines running and ran up the sandbag stairs to argue with the officer in charge. Below, with all the tumult, we could hear nothing of what was being shouted to us as orders came over the radio.

The civilians accepted the sudden and seemingly arbitrary road closings with a mixture of resentment and resignation. We couldn't tell them why the road was closed or for how long. Often we ourselves didn't know, and in any case many of us did not speak Arabic.

An old fisherman passed through our roadblock early every morning. He drove a battered old Peugeot 404 with a crudely made double-bladed paddle tied to the roofrack. He always wore black Wellington boots. Gingerly, without being asked, for he was very familiar with the routine, he would jump out of the driver's seat and open the boot of his car. Inside was a large blue plastic bowl with a fishing net in it. On his return towards noon, he again would open his boot to reveal the bowl, usually about half full of sprats, with the net beside it.

One morning the road was closed and he was held up. He waited. When the road was opened he went, but he was soon back. He opened his boot for me, and the bowl was empty. "*Ma feesh*? — Nothing?" I asked him in his own language. "*Ma feesh*," he echoed with upturned hands. I waved him on.

THE NIGHTS were different. Moshe and I, who usually did these cold, but so far dry, shifts together, passed them in quiet, earnest conversation. After a while the normal night sounds — the army radio's squelch, the baleful howling of the foxes and hyenas, the slamming of the outhouse doors in the wind, and the constant small arms and artillery fire in the distance — went unnoticed. The high point of every night vigil was watching our replacements being awakened.

Between our first and second leaves we seemed to be besieged with incidents of all kinds. One evening a shepherd brought his herd to the deserted house on the hillside opposite our position. Avi shot straight at the house with a Browning .03 to get the shepherd to move his flock. Luckily nobody was hit. Some shouting in Arabic followed, and master-sergeant Aharon called the men over to us. Two shepherds soon appeared from out of the dark, seemingly not the least bit intimidated by the experience, and Aharon explained to them that they couldn't stay there overnight. After more talk, they agreed to leave, but their sheep would have to stay because they couldn't move them at night. Aharon, who was reasonable, accepted, saying, "What can we do? They've also got to live."

Then there was the affair of the missing cakes. One Thursday morning we got three cakes for Shabbat. By the afternoon they were all gone. Avi was furious when he found out. He ran around the camp, shouting, "Who ate them? They were for Shabbat. They were for everybody." Moshe observed, "It's like Captain Queeg and the missing strawberries in *The Caine Mutiny*." We knew who the phantom eater was, everybody knew — except Avi.

Finally, the night before Moshe and I were to go home a second time the stove burned a hole in our tent. It was faulty and began spewing out hot soot, some of which landed on the tent, causing it to catch fire. Like white sheep we dashed out dressed only in our long underwear, yelling, "Gal, Gal, the fire extinguisher!" Gal, who fixed everything at the camp, was the only one who knew where it was. With the fire out, we called headquarters with the news. The answer was that we would have a new tent in the morning and a new stove the next day. That night we had no heat.

That same night the puck-puck went wild and couldn't be turned off. Finally, David, our electronics expert from the Technion, brought it under control; but it couldn't be started again. Without electricity we couldn't use either our projector lamps or our radio, both vital in the event of attack. David rigged up the wires to the batteries of a truck parked in our camp. Again, help was promised.

LEAVE, I regretted to find, was not the pleasure I expected it to be. I felt that many people distanced themselves from me, the soldier serving in Lebanon. People didn't know what to say to me, didn't want to ask, didn't want to hear. They seemed afraid to know. Every day somebody is hurt or killed in Lebanon; as long as it's only a faceless name, they can live with their confusion. But when they see somebody they know who is there, they — we — don't know where to put themselves.

To go back was depressing. But back we went and in five days nothing had changed. The burned tent and faulty stove were still there; the electrical wires were still hooked up to the truck's now nearly dead batteries. That night there wasn't enough juice to start the lorry's engine.

We still had nine nights in Lebanon to go before the end, and the tension was mounting visibly. One evening, Meir, a young carpenter from Beersheba, was convinced that he heard something which was followed by a puff of smoke on the hill below the abandoned house. He unhesitatingly opened fire with the Browning .03 machine gun. There was more small arms fire from the other guards, and somebody threw a grenade into the wadi across the road. With that the action for the evening ended.

Two RPGs were fired at a road patrol from our unit one morning. Both missed their targets.

SHLOMO IS a good, loyal Israeli soldier and citizen. He is very religious, and because of the lack of kashrut, something he understood and never complained about, he was unable to eat cooked food with us. One night we did guard duty together and he told me his views. "I don't quite know what I'm doing here," he said, "leaving my wife at home when she's nine months pregnant. I suppose I, too, should have tried to get out of it. I haven't seen her for 10 days now, and there's no telephone here.

"But if *we* don't stay in Lebanon the terrorists will come back again. We cannot leave only to have things return to the way they were before the war."

On Thursday, one week before we were to go home, about 9.30 in the morning, Israeli jeeps and armoured troop carriers went up the Sahmour road in force. Moshe and I were on duty that morning. We heard firing and the road was clamped shut. Somebody had fired at one of the lorry drivers. Next came an ambulance, more jeeps, another troop carrier, and the commander. A helicopter swooped in. Still another wagon and a jeep rolled up. Moshe had a word with them. "That was the rabbinate," he reported, "they've come to take the driver's body away."

That afternoon three more cakes arrived for Shabbat. Avi scooped them up and, clutching them close to his chest, took them away for safe-keeping. This time he was taking no chances. It was light relief in its purest form.

Later on they brought out the lorry. It had two bullet holes in the windscreen; the one over the steering wheel was surrounded by a fine red spray. After that we never saw the truckers again. All work ceased.

The news of the killing was first broadcast on the radio at 11 o'clock that night. There were no details. We still did not know which driver was dead. Was it the older one or one of the younger ones? Somehow it was very important for us to know.

IN THE early hours of Friday night Moshe and I heard rocks roll down close by. I knelt by the .03 since I had fired it in an earlier defensive excercise, and Moshe crouched low with his M16 in hand. We listened intently for more noise. Earlier that evening the projector light bulb had burned out and there wasn't another one in the camp. We couldn't see. It was a dark night. Just then Gal turned on the puck-puck, which had finally been repaired. So then we also couldn't hear. Until the end of our watch, both of us lay on our bellies on the cold ground. The previous day's attack was still very fresh in our minds.

When we came out the next night, it was especially clear. Moshe and I even remarked on how bright the stars were. About an hour and a half before our watch was to end, it began to rain for the first time. And it rained hard. My first thought was for my bed; it was underneath the hole in the tent. Avner, who was guarding below, went in to push it aside. Nevertheless, the blankets got wet.

Cloud bank after cloud bank swept over us, dumping rain, sleet and hail. A sense of hopelessness and depression swallowed us up. We scurried about like hares. There were only three rain suits — there were supposed to be six.

On the road below the car checks went on as in good weather. In driving rain drivers got out and opened their boots and bonnets. Najib was particularly steadfast in his duty. Aharon's hot meal was the only bright spot on the first day of rain. Served around three in the afternnoon, it served as both lunch and supper. Nobody was about to stand around outside washing dishes in that kind of weather.

The foul weather continued almost without letup. Nature seemed determined to make up for the dry winter. In misery, we watched Jabal Barukh regain its crown of snow and ice. In the midst of a shower an old Arab farmer came out to see the meadow across the way with wheat. His right arm swung stiffly like a pendulum, throwing the seed back and forth in an age-old way. The ground turned to mud, which sucked at our feet when we walked on it.

Towards morning on our last day but one the storm intensified, with frequent flashes of lightning followed by long rumbling rolls of thunder. It was so cold that the hail stayed on the ground. For us outside on guard duty time stood still as the ice-laden wind steadily increased to gale force.

The last day came none too soon. The new officer took a look around and remarked dolefully, "I wouldn't exactly call it a health resort." We left in the rain on the same safari that had brought our replacements. A half-track that had overturned earlier that day, injuring several of the 11 men riding in it, stood damaged in front of us.

As we waited to go we spoke about the accident. Even when accidents result in death, they are not mentioned on the news. No need to alarm the public or inflate the casualty figures.

On arriving at the Metulla crossing point the troops broke out in song, a song of joy and gratitude: *"Heveinu video aleichem. Heveinu video, video aleichem."* Moshe turned to me and said, "It's not a very dignified way to leave Lebanon, is it?" □

Children are given the greatest possible freedon, one could say that they educate themselves. They have their own children's courts which determine punishments.

Rubbernecking by the chicken coops of Givat Brenner he hears a very superior visitor from Prague ask the guide: "Do cocks get along better with each other in Palestine?" To which the guide replies: "Cocks will be cocks." Almost ecstatic descriptions of kibbutz life follow. Next stop, Jerusalem.

Much amused by its heterogeneous bustle, he mentions *two watering* holes where Münchner beer is served: "The German Restaurant" and "Café Vienna." In both places German is the dominant language, but with "eastern" accents. Familiar faces; Viennese and Hungarian newspapers; a small ensemble plays Wiener waltzes badly.

HE FAILS to see the romance of the Orient in the Old City's narrow *shuks* where "people mill about, quacking, yelling, dealing, stinking. Sheep and goats mingle freely." He makes heavy weather of the water shortage, terming the taking of a bath "a criminal act." On the way to the Wailing Wall, his path is blocked by beggars and he can't pass without touching their filthy rags. However, money opens the way. On the Temple Mount a British policeman armed with a telephone keeps Arabs and Jews out of each other's hair. Although a Jewish Holy Site, Jews have no access, and Christians can only enter after paying an entrance fee. That's what the Jews wail about. Inside its narrow confines they lean against the ancient stones, murmur prayers, letting out piercing laments. "But even this annoys the Arabs who take pleasure in disturbing the praying Jews by singing and yelling from the surrounding houses. They throw dirt in front of and against the Holy Wall, and violence is always in the air — hence the Tommy. Outside those stony gates the Zionists are hard at work."

Mandatory government, Jewish political institutions, the duties of Sir Arthur Wauchope, the YMCA, the Hebrew University — all come under his scrutiny. No doubt, friend Lim, having done his homework, is nothing if not thorough. As "cocks will be cocks" so "Germans will be Germans." Small slip-ups do occur, a photo caption of exotically dressed women at a street-corner reads: "Yemenite Jewesses, gossiping in Yiddish."

AND SO to the north, the area of large settlements and swamps (before the Jews came along), where real estate is cheap in terms of money but expensive in Jewish sweat and lives. Here only dedicated *haverim* organized collectively could survive. They were mainly poor Jews from the East, Poland, Russia and Rumania. In one decade they revived the land.

He spends a night at Kibbutz Geva and analyses the kibbutz versus moshav controversy with their *Führer*, Joseph Gurion. The conversation follows the conventional JNF pattern. Lim concedes that in hard times the *kvutza* offers the individual a lot of protection — but what about good times? Do people leave for the higher rewards in the cities?

Joseph Gurion is not worried. He's been in Geva these last 12 years and points to the 50-year record of Deganya, now worked by the second generation. "We know that we are rebuilding our own country and this can only be done if everyone makes only minimal demands. We are not getting our home on a silver platter, we have to earn it with our labour, the hard way."

Lim writes: "Joseph Gurion's stocky frame stands before me in the moonlight. He fits the scene. This land has upgraded him and his people in one short decade. These new Jews are becoming a new people. Will they remain faithful to their concern for the plight of their brethren in Europe?"

In Safad he runs into anti-British Arab riots and finds a Scottish regiment in command of the town.

RIOTS IN Jaffa have left many dead in the streets; the casualties in Haifa, Jerusalem and Nablus are mounting. The Jewish question seems forgotten, for this is a fight between Arab and Brit. Police stations and government offices are under attack, and the army is called in with squadrons of aircraft cruising above. Within 24 hours the insurrection has been put down.

Public transport has virtually come to a halt and Lim travels in convoy to Haifa, where the inauguration of the new port is scheduled. The Jews and the Arabs decide to boycott the festivities, which are subsequently cancelled. Lim concludes that, given the extent of the port facilities, the British, despite all promises, are here to stay.

Because the roads are still unsafe, he finds himself cooped up in Haifa during a heavy *hamsin*. When he finally makes it to Hebron (via Nablus) he is stoned all the way. There he visits the "Abraham Mosque" (Cave of Machpelah) and is told that non-believers can only mount five steps. But for five shillings one may enter. Remarks Lim: "The finagler! When in this land one finds strongly held religious principles, they can be bought off for five shillings."

In 40-degree heat he visits the Dead Sea and the Potash Works. Says the waiter in the Kallia Café at the northern tip of the Dead Sea: "When it gets to 50 degrees, I'll be off."

Lim waxes lyrical about Jericho and its inspiring scents, then crosses the bridge into Transjordan, whose emir charges an entrance fee of 10 piastres. Visiting Beduin encampments he notices much arable land "whose potential bring it within the bounds of Jewish settlement policies... but, should it ever come to murderous riots on the 1929 scale, the fate of the Jewish settlers is not to be envied."

Amman is truly Arab. The emir does not trust his own people and has a lifeguard of Negroes. Walking in the *shuks* Lim dons a tarbush so as not to be taken for a Jew. He meets an English couple on their honeymoon, setting out on a journey disguised as beduin who, having lost their herds in a recent drought, have taken to highway robbery. Lim gets back to the safety of Palestine in one piece. And, as his journey ends, Lim sums up.

THIS SMALL country of barely 26,000 sq.km. has 700,000 inhabitants, of which 260,000 are Jews. From January 1932 till August 1934 it absorbed 57,000 legal plus some 15,000 illegal immigrants. Although one-third desert, it is of immense political and economic importance for the future of the Middle East.

The German-Jewish contribution is often overestimated, Lim concludes. Only 12,000 have come since January 1932, for Zionism is the creed of the "Ost-Juden." The country needs the "capitalist," but in the Zionist sense he is more a hindrance than a help. The Arabs hate them, especially the Arab merchants who now more than ever depend on the poor *felaheens'* custom. It leads to confrontation with their Arab workers, who have learned from the Jews the benefits of unionization and are now joining the Jewish-Marxist Histadrut.

Lim believes that the economic future depends on cooperation between Arab and Jew. The rehabilitation of a degenerate *(entartetes)* people through new roots in their ancient soil stands or falls with this cooperation, he says. Moreover, the Jews have to come to terms with belonging to the Orient. This sense of belonging is well on the way.

THE ABILITY to absorb immigration, despite intensive productivity, is limited. But then the frontiers are arbitrarily drawn, contrary to the people's best interests, and the merging of Transjordan with Palestine is only a question of time. Already the Jews are expanding their frontiers. In French-ruled Syria they are acquiring land for settlement and plans for Cyprus are on the drawing board.

"Under these conditions a massive return of Jews to Palestine is to be expected. It is up to them not to become Levantines, but to build their country and create a home. But this does not mean that they require a state of their own. Many peoples were for centuries stateless, yet retained their identity.

"The problems of Jewish Palestine cannot be ignored. It exists and grows by the day. And that is as it should be, because it shows the way, how a centuries-old wound on the world's body politic could be healed: the Jewish Problem." With this sentence, Lim ends his narrative.

I DON'T know Lim's identity, or the motivation for his journey, or why the articles he wrote merited numismatic glorification. But I do know that he took the trouble and time to see the country for himself (more than many a Zionist-by-proxy), and that he was a keen observer and a superb writer. This condensation does scant justice to his 20,000-word piece.

I cannot imagine that Dr. Goebbels spent his money to obtain a balanced, factual report for the edification and delight of the readers of *Der Angriff*. Therefore Lim was either dispatched to denigrate the Palestinian experiment or to encourage Jews to leave Germany for the land of their fathers. If the former, Goebbels's reporter served him very badly indeed. If the latter, who was their target audience? The Jewish readership of the anti-Semitic *Der Angriff*? This leaves a third possibility: to reassure the paper's Nazi readers that immigration to Palestine entailed no hardship for the victims of their regime — as if anyone cared.

I opt for the first suggestion, that Lim set out to hate what he was about to observe, but in the process came to understand and finally to admire much of it. The absence of snide, overly anti-Semitic remarks in a paper not all that far from the *Stürmer* approach would seem to suggest that. And, although a supporter of Nazi ideology, he refused to sink to the terminology of hate and vilification. Remember, the time was early 1934 and the full brutality of National Socialism was not yet apparent to one and all.

BUT THEN early Nazi ideology, despite antithetical aims and methods, had things in common with Zionism: the sense of rebirth from a horrifying and shameful past; the return to racial roots and the soil *(Blut und Boden)*; spiritual redemption through the nobility of manual labour, *(Gott schütze das Handwerk)*; the pioneering "spirit of all for one, and one for all"; emancipation through frugality, self-denial and sacrifice; and, above all, an unlimited confidence in the righteousness of the cause and its millenarian future.

It is only ideology on the rampage that becomes the most lethal weapon in the human arsenal, be it the creed of the Gentle Saviour and the Inquisition, or socialism and the Gulag, or National Socialism and the extermination camps, or Islamic renaissance and the Ayatollah Khomeini.

If Lim shows contempt for the arrogant and opulent ways of the Jews from Berlin West, or the mercantilism and distasteful habits of the *Ost-Juden*, well, so did the calloused pioneers of the Emek. Many Germans were initially attracted as much to the *National* as others were to the *Socialist* part of "National Socialism."

I suspect that Lim belonged to the latter, and wonder who he was and what became of him. □

Oh, my baking yak

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

THE BRITISH public is slap in the middle of one of those periodic fits that Macaulay considered so ridiculous. This time, however, it's a sort of collective nostalgia for the Raj that has them weeping in their beer.

Apart from the current crop of movies, which includes *Gandhi* and *Heat and Dust*, David Lean is completing Forster's *A Passage to India*. TV viewers have been following a series based on M.M. Kaye's bestselling *The Far Pavilions* and another about Subha Chandra Bhose's National Liberation Army, which fought the British in World War II.

The *succès de fou*, eclipsing *Brideshead Revisited*, has been *The Jewel in the Crown*, a 14-part series loosely based on Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet*, which has also been running on Jordan TV.

It's all become very confusing to British viewers, especially since Geraldine James seems to pop up all over the place, and everything seems to have blurred into one seamless super-series coarsely referred to as *The Jewel in the Far Passage*.

British audiences have been so preoccupied with the last days of the Raj that they've hardly noticed the miners' strike, the cuts in arts funding or the departure of Mark Thatcher, that self-made man, to greener shores.

What has been agitating their bosoms? The revelation by *The Sun's* TV critic of what was going to happen in the next episode of *The Jewel in the Crown*. *The Guardian* professed to be so aghast at these tattle-tale tactics that the paper ran an editorial on the subject. Had *The Sun* existed in those days, their leader-writer thundered in tones *usually reserved for Little* Ronnie Reagan's peccadilloes, early performances of *Oedipus Rex* would have been disrupted by ribald cries from the groundlings at the King's first entrance: "We all know you," they'd have jeered, "you've been having it off with your Mum."

THE RAJ may bring a lump to the throat nowadays, but in its prime it was often a royal pain in the ass. Admittedly, the British brought the roads and the railways, the schools and the hospitals and the courts, so that for the first time in their turbulent history Indians were free to live in relative safety, and a great deal of the credit must go to the "heaven-born" of the Indian Civil Service, hand-picked from candidates with the very best first-class Oxbridge degrees — a process crudely referred to as "Blues ruling Blacks."

It should, however, be borne in mind that the system has been called "play for puritans" and, more accurately, "outdoor relief for Britain's upper classes," a description unconsciously corroborated by Lady Reynolds, who spent many years in India. "Frankly," she said on her return to Britain after the end of the Raj, "I don't like life without a subject race."

To be fair, many sahibs worked extremely hard on behalf of the subject race. (John Wedderburn, collector of the Hissar district, was even elevated to the status of Pir, or Moslem saint, after he was killed in the Great Mutiny). The stability they gave to a sub-continent, whose population was two-and-a-half times that of the whole Roman Empire at its peak, can also be measured by the credibility of its financial institutions —something we, of all people, ought to be able to appreciate.

While exploring the Pamirs, Kenneth Mason once gave a yak owner a handwritten note on Cox's bank in Karachi, instructing them to "pay the bearer on demand the sum of 50 pounds sterling." What the payment was for is not clear from his account. I like to think that Mason simply fancied a hot dinner, thus provoking the beast's former owner into first uttering that classic complaint, "Oh, my baking yak."

At any rate, when the note was presented for payment eight months later, said Mason, it was covered in thumb-print "signatures" after being passed from hand to hand all over central Asia, "Samarkand, Kiva and God knows where," and it was still worth 50 pounds.

THE SAHIBS suffered endless hardships. The climate was so awful and disease so prevalent that in one decade (1747-56) in Bengal alone, 74 per cent of the whites died. Even if they survived, life was damned uncomfortable; the memsahibs, for instance, were condemned to wearing Twilfit Rustproof Corsetry ("Famous Throughout the Empire").

Just watch Judy Parfitt playing Mrs. Layton in *The Jewel in the Crown*, and you'll see that the iron has entered into her soul. Desperate memsahibs like Mildred Layton can now rust in peace, no longer corroded by a way of life that had lost all point and by the excessive consumption of gin.

Mary Wood, the wife of an army officer, has told of a very exalted personage who was discovered together with her *khitmagar*, who was on his knees spraying Flit up her petticoats. "I find it very efficacious for the mosquitoes," she explained.

If it wasn't the creepy-crawlies or poisonous snakes, it was wild animals; the inscription on the tombstone of Thomas Oulam Roberts at Jamalpur, for example, states that he died in 1864 "after an untimely encounter with a tiger," an early example of a close encounter of the furred kind.

General Sir H.M. Durand passed into the folklore of the Raj after his death at Tonk in 1871 "when the elephant on which he was travelling went under an arch that was too low." It's no wonder that they took these beasts very seriously indeed and treated them as if they acted with malice aforethought. The Indian Army, which seems to have considered them to be a combination of artillery caisson and fork-lift, even court-martialled one pacifist pachyderm which refused to haul a gun into battle. The culprit was sentenced to 25 lashes with a chain, to be administered by another elephant.

In this and other stories, it is easy to see that the influence of India on its rulers was hard to withstand, however much they surrounded themselves with chintz and digestive biscuits or abjured Hima-layer cake. For 25 years after the death of Sir Robert Grant, a Victorian governor of Bombay, for example, the sepoys guarding government house were permitted to present arms to any cat leaving the building after dark. It was believed that H.E.'s spirit had not succeeded in being reunited with the universal soul and had suffered reincarnation as a pussy. I can't help feline that this is a *purrfect example of the Indian in*clination to combine, however grotesquely, the temporal and the spiritual.

They managed it again this week when an Indian air force officer in the Soviet spacecraft, Soyuz T-11, was reported to be practising Yoga. It is clear that he isn't a disciple of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi or he would simply have levitated into orbit in the first place without the assistance of Russian rocketry.

BUT IT WASN'T all taking up the White Man's Burden in the heyday of the Raj

To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

The truth was often the application of the old formula "philanthropy plus 5 per cent," for cheap labour was the real jewel in the Crown and, in the long run, the strongest moral argument for imperialism simply boiled down to

Whatever happens we have got
The Maxim gun and they have not.

It was all taken by force, General Sir Charles Napier's "useful piece of rascality." Over a century after the British wrested Oudh from her great-grandfather, Princess Wilayat Mahal was making rather a nuisance of herself, protesting against Lord Dalhousie's annexation by squatting in the ladies' waiting room at New Delhi railway station together with her nine Dobermans (Surely you mean dhobi-mans? *Ed*). She's been there since 1972 and every time anyone approaches her, Armah Sind, the assistant station-master, told the *Calcutta Telegraph* last year, she shouts, "Turn up the loudspeakers! I have walked on diamonds — now I am walking on thorns! And although you cannot see them," she adds regally, "my eyes are flashing with pride and fire!"

I can't see her eyes either, but I can see her point; Milton's wealth of Ormus or of Ind

where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold

has been reduced in her case to a platform ticket.

As the Raj wound down, however, things did improve. Whereas Lady Linlithgow prepared for her stint as vicereine in 1936 by spending five whole months in West End fitting rooms, evolving her wardrobe, the last governor of Bengal was Sir Fred Burrows, a former railwaymen's union official. "Unlike my predecessors," he once told his Bengali subjects, "I have not devoted my life to hunting and shooting but to shunting and tooting."

THE SENSE of moral righteousness which held duty and service to the people of India to be its highest aim all too often degenerated into racism. At its mildest, this took the form of treating Indians as objects. Annette Crosbie, packing — in one scene of *The Jewel in the Crown* — tosses articles of clothing over the Indian bearer as if he were simply a piece of furniture. Even intellectuals like Aldous Huxley dismissed them contemptuously. Indians reminded him, he said after a visit, of the old man of Thermopylae who never did anything properly. Perhaps he was unduly impressed by the shingle of Panicker and Potti, the well-known Cochin law firm.

But gratuitous violence was more often the rule. "Politicians don't know Orientals like we do," Brigadier M. Farquharson-Roberts told a regimental reunion dinner some time ago, according to the *Derby Evening Telegraph*. "They don't know that the only way to deal with them is to kick their backsides."

I always thought that colonels were nuts, but brigadiers seem to be even more hard-shelled. Farquharson-Roberts sounds suspiciously like some of the fire-eaters who, right now, are busy forming lists for the Knesset elections.

As is almost invariably the case in the human comedy, both sides were wrong. For centuries before the Raj, the Indians themselves had laboriously constructed a racialist society in which caste really reflected the conquest of the dark-skinned, broad-nosed Dravidian aboriginals by the light-skinned Aryan invaders from the north.

The four *varnas* — Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras — were subdivided into an incredible 2,000 castes forbidden to eat with each other, to engage in social activity and, especially, to marry. Such hair-splitting resulted in the uniquely Indian type of matrimonial ad:

"Wanted: a Telugu Brahmin Vellanudu non-Kausiga Gotram bride."

This sort of thing reminds me of something I once read about fruit flies, whose myriad sub-species can only mate with each other, something like Yale locks and keys, which all seem identical at first glance.

The treatment of lower-caste Indians often makes South Africa look like a haven of tolerance for, whereas a Nayar pollutes a higher caste only by touch, Kamalans are unclean at 24 feet, Pulayans and Cherumans at 48 feet and the despised Paraiyans — including their shadows — at 64 feet.

This also results in an intense fragmentation of job definitions, since most Hindus would die rather than indulge in any work considered inferior to their caste. As V. S. Naipaul puts it, in a twisted Hindu way it thus becomes *unclean to clean*, an activity reserved for sweepers. As a result, India was known to old British Army O.R.'s as "the land of shit and shankers."

In *The Jewel in the Crown*, Lady Chatterjee (no, not the one who so admired the gamekeeper's John Thomas) put it rather more delicately. The scent of India, she said, "is the smell of dung." But this is only a half-truth at best; above all, India is the land of extreme contrasts, of grinding poverty and *lakhs* of rubies, of appalling filth and breathtaking beauty.

I heard what I consider the only accurate description of the splendours and miseries of India from Fred Pauker, the Jerusalem graphic designer, who spent some years there. "When I think of India," he said, "I immediately recall the mingled evening scents of jasmine and urine."

ALONG THE LINES of the Band of Hope's motto, "Lips that Have Touched Alcohol Shall Never Touch Mine," ayurvedic medicine holds that drinking your own urine is a sure passport to health. Even Prime Minister Morarji Desai announced that he enjoyed a tumblerful every morning and, in 1978, another prominent urinobibe recommended in the *Bombay Standard* rhinoceros urine, a commodity that I imagine is in shorter supply than vitamin C, as a sure cure for the common cold.

British actress Sarah Miles is a convert, too. The beauty of drinking your own urine, she burbles (or rather bubbles,) "is that it's so cheap."

I begin to see what Erma Bombeck's father meant when he said "Never accept a drink from a urologist." On the other hand, Desai, "partaking of the cistern of life" was, I imagine, better off than the untold millions who drink the water of Mother Ganges, an unspeakable *tsimmes* of decomposed corpses, excreta, dysentery and cholera germs, garnished with other goodies too numerous to mention.

Yet Sri Swami Sivananda claims that a French scientist was unable to find any germs at all in the holy river. Not only that, the Swami added, Ganges water actually killed off cultures of bacteria in a laboratory.

Like some *frum* Jews I know, pious Hindus claim that there's nothing new under the sun. Ancient India had atomic bombs, telephones and jet planes — it's all in the *Upanishads*. Well, they may have a point. Isn't the Israel Post Office mentioned in *Genesis 1,25*: "And God made every thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind"?

Indian belief in their ancient ayurvedic medicine is so widespread, however, that even a former minister of health, Raj Narain, once claimed that it could teach Christiaan Barnard a thing or two. "Nowadays even the most advanced surgeons can only transplant hearts," he said, "yet statues and pictures of the god Ganesh show that ancient Hindu medicine was so skilful that its surgeons could stitch an elephant's head onto a man's body."

Had they still been doing these transplants during the days of the Raj, they could have provided a much more impartial tribunal for the artillery elephant's court martial and they sure as hell would have saved General Durand from a splitting headache. □

(Next: The sahib's sock soup-strainer)

(Isaiah Karlinsky)

Shas founder Nissim Ze'ev, now a Jerusalem deputy mayor.

RISING STAR

After a stunning success in the Jerusalem municipal elections, the Sephardi Tora Guardians have decided to enter national politics. The Post's ABRAHAM RABINOVICH examines the origins of the movement, which poses a serious challenge to established ethnic and religious parties.

FOR YEARS they could be seen on the fringe of the haredi ultra-Orthodox community — young men dressed like their Ashkenazi brethren, a few of them even speaking Yiddish, but somewhat set apart by complexion and bone-structure.

Almost overnight, they have emerged from the shadows under their own flag as a new tribe in the camp of Israel — the Sephardi haredim.

The name seems to contradict itself by combining the image of religious moderation embodied by Sephardi and oriental Jews and that of zealotry evoked by the black-clad haredim. But the performance in the Jerusalem municipal elections last fall of the newly organized Shas (Sephardi Tora Guardians) Party was a convincing demonstration that — whatever this political, religious, sociological phenomenon was — it had a real constituency.

Shas won three seats on the 31-man council, as many as the dismayed Agudat Yisrael representing the Ashkenazi-led haredi establishment.

The recent decision by Shas to enter the Knesset race this summer in conjunction with Sephardi haredim elsewhere in the country suggests that it is a dynamic force just beginning to make its way. "In the long run, they will be a far more important political factor than Tami," says a veteran political observer.

IT WAS a young Jerusalem rabbi who last year opened the valve that released the pent-up desire for Sephardi power on the ultra-religious wing of the Sephardi camp. Rabbi Nissim Ze'ev, 32, needed considerable pounding to get the valve open, but the force *released was potent.*

"The Sephardim were innocent and not ready to take leadership," he said in an interview. "Perhaps they lacked confidence."

Convinced that Agudat Yisrael was primarily interested in providing funds and representation to Ashkenazi institutions while distributing crumbs to their Sephardi constituents, Ze'ev invited several Sephardi religious leaders to a meeting several months before the municipal elections to discuss the formation of their own party.

"They told me I was hacking at a mountain with a hammer. I told them that the numerical equivalent of the letters making up the Hebrew word for doubt is identical to that of Amalek, the biblical enemy of Israel."

The key, Ze'ev realized, lay in winning the backing of Sephardi *gdolei Tora*. Without the support of these spiritual leaders, no initiative would take hold among the middle levels of leadership, let alone the rank and file. The ability to take initiatives, many Sephardim will concede, is something Ashkenazim are better at.

Ze'ev apparently had difficulty persuading even the *gdolei Tora* to accept the idea of an independent Sephardi haredi political entity, despite their grievance towards Agudat Yisrael.

Meanwhile, he called another middle-level meeting, asking those who had been at the first meeting to come back with two friends each. Then he called a meeting of Sephardi yeshiva heads. The seeds had been planted and when the spiritual heads finally gave their blessing, the party quickly took shape just before the election deadline.

UNLIKE TAMI, the secular-religious Sephardi party whose leadership is largely of Moroccan origin, Shas' leadership is mainly Iraqi. Its appeal, however, extends to the entire spectrum of *edot hamizrach* — the Oriental Jewish community, including the non-Orthodox.

Ze'ev estimates that only one-third of Shas voters last year were ultra-Orthodox haredim.

"The average Shas voter," says a Jerusalem political Observer, "goes to synagogue Saturday morning and to the Betar (soccer) match in the afternoon."

Ze'ev's own father came from Iraq before the creation of the state and served as the principal of a Sephardi yeshiva. Growing up in an Ashkenazi haredi neighbourhood in Jerusalem, Ze'ev knew what it was like for young Sephardim to be taunted as *franks* by hasidic youngsters on the block. He graduated from Porat Yosef Yeshiva, the principal Sephardi seat of learning in Jerusalem, and spent eight months as a ritual slaughterer in Argentina and Uruguay before serving for a period as rabbi of a Sephardi congregation in Brooklyn. Returning to Israel five years ago, he founded Jerusalem's first Sephardi girls school.

THE PHENOMENON of Sephardi haredim began with the mass immigration of Jews from Arab countries following the establishment of the state. Unlike Ashkenazi Jews, who can be roughly divided into Orthodox and non-Orthodox, the Oriental Jews were almost universally religious, even though there were considerable shadings in practice.

Agudat Yisrael, despite its Eastern European character, waged a strong campaign to recruit *edot hamizrach* youngsters into its religious schools, which were run independently of the state school system, but with state funds.

Girls from the Aguda's Beit Ya'acov schools and young men from Aguda yeshivas went from door to door in the new immigrant quarters to persuade parents to send their children to Aguda schools. It was a sincere battle for souls, aimed at saving the children from falling prey, as Aguda saw it, to the worldly temptations of a non-haredi education.

There was, however, also a worldly factor in Aguda's motivation — a large influx of Sephardi children meant expansion of its own school network with more government allocations and more teaching jobs. Many immigrant parents agreed to send their children to Aguda schools, for fear they would stray from religion in the liberated atmosphere of Israel.

Some of the Sephardi youngsters went to existing Aguda schools with Ashkenazi youngsters, even though Yiddish was the language of instruction. The bulk were enrolled in all-Sephardi Hebrew-speaking schools whose faculty, however, was Ashkenazi.

In the Aguda Talmud Tora, some seven hours a day are devoted to "holy studies" — Bible and Talmud — and one hour to "secular" subjects such as arithmetic, Hebrew grammar and Jewish history. Since the teaching of holy subjects to girls is restricted, in their schools they study more secular subjects than the boys, including literature, nature and geography.

A YESHIVA SOCIETY like the one brought from Europe by the Ashkenazim — one in which Tora study formed the centre of life — was new to the Oriental Jewish community, in which religious instruction was traditionally the responsibility of the father. The focus of Jewish scholarship had shifted away from the Sephardi world since the Middle Ages which had produced Maimonides, Yosef Caro, leading kabbalists and other luminaries.

"As Islam declined," says an Ashkenazi scholar in Jerusalem, "so did the scholarship of the Sephardi world."

In Israel, a new scholarly elite began to emerge in the Sephardi haredi community with a new way of thinking. "The traditional Sephardi rabbi knows Halacha and gives rulings accordingly," says Dr. Menahem Friedman, a sociologist from Bar-Ilan University. "Ashkenazi scholars don't just give legal rulings, they conceptualize. The Sephardi scholars here have learned to do this too."

During the past two decades, Sephardi haredim have increasingly adopted the dark fedora and suit worn by Ashkenazi haredim. Family lifestyles also changed. "Women's status in these families has improved," says Friedman. "The fathers are less patriarchal and more involved with their families, as among the Ashkenazim."

Together with this "Ashkenazation" came a self-awareness that bred resentment at Ashkenazi domination of the haredi establishment.

The Council of Sages, the group of venerable rabbis representing the hasidic and yeshiva wings of the haredi community, was accepted as the ultimate arbiter in the haredi world in political affairs but contained not a single Sephardi — even though Sephardim make up a significant percentage of the Agudat Yisrael electorate.

"The problem is that the council's discussions are in Yiddish," says an Aguda leader explaining apologetically, but not very convincingly, the absence of representation.

Aguda itself has divided its political pie in the Knesset along all-Ashkenazi lines. Its four seats represent two hasidic courts, the yeshiva world and the "old yishuv" — but not the Sephardim.

This lack of political representation, say Sephardi leaders, has meant that the bulk of funds channelled by the government to Aguda for distribution to religious institutions goes to Ashkenazi institutions.

"They got our votes," says Ze'ev, "but they gave us nothing." Since election to the municipal council, says Zeev, **now a deputy mayor, the Shas representatives have seen to it that Sephardi Tora institutions receive a fair proportion of public funds.**

In addition to being short-changed, say the Sephardi leaders, their community was sometimes discriminated against in the purely educational sphere as well. When a girls' seminary in Jerusalem split a class into groups for vocational and academic training, almost all the girls chosen for vocational training were Sephardi, says Rabbi Yaacov Rabin, a leading activist in the Shas movement.

AGUDAT YISRAEL leaders deny discrimination or short-changing, pointing out that it was Aguda that in fact created the educational framework which produced the Sephardi haredim. Their own creation, however, has now turned upon them.

"What Aguda failed to understand," says Prof. Friedman, "is that the Sephardim had matured. It continued to patronize them."

Says Rabbi Rabin: "They (the Aguda) built themselves on us. Today we have more institutions in Jerusalem than they," (although with smaller enrolments). "We want equality in the Knesset, in the Rabbinate, in education, in everything."

There is a new breed, then, of militant haredi Sephardim. Claiming to be no less compromising on religious issues than the Aguda, they have nevertheless proved significantly more moderate, at least in tone, than Aguda in the Jerusalem Municipal Council since assuming their seats last year.

"Even if they're on the other side," says a municipal official, "the argument is within the context of tolerance."

Unlike Aguda, Shas accepts a swimming pool in the mixed quarter of Ramot, as long as it is covered for modesty's sake, closed on the Sabbath and with all-male and all-female days set aside for those who want separate swimming. It has announced its opposition to a municipal sports stadium within the bounds of the holy city, but less stridently than Aguda.

"Their dilemma," says the municipal official, himself Sephardi, "is that they don't want to appear less religious than Aguda, but most of their electorate isn't haredi. It's traditional. These are people who voted for Tami or Likud or the National Religious Party. They want to vote for a religious element and are proud of Shas rebelling against the Ashkenazi establishment, but they're not really supporting a haredi position. The problem with Shas is that it hasn't worked out a synthesis."

Shas apparently hopes to get financial backing from the wealthy Halabi (Aleppo) Syrian community in New York, which is traditional and not haredi. Even within the haredi sphere there is a dilemma: Shas regards the former Sephardi chief rabbi, Ovadia Yosef, as its principal spiritual leader, but still maintains a respectful dialogue with 89-year-old Rabbi Eliezer Schach, former head of the Council of Sages.

Be that as it may, Shas represents an indigenous product sprung from the religious-political soil of modern Israel. It may not have a firm shape as yet, but it is authentic and vital and promises to be a lively addition to the Israeli political scene. □

Trauerfeier-Berichte mit NS.-Bildfunk im Innern des Blattes
der Angriff
Das deutsche Abendblatt in Berlin
Adolf Hitler verzichtet auf sein Kanzlergehalt

HEIL AND HEARTY

A Nazi reporter's 12-part account of a 1934 visit to Eretz Yisrael is surprisingly positive. WIM VAN LEER read the series, and reports.

IN FEBRUARY 1934 the German daily *Der Angriff* (editor-in-chief: Dr. Joseph Goebbels) sent a reporter to Palestine to find out how the Jews in general and the German Jews in particular were faring in the Promised Land. The event was celebrated by the minting of a medal. And the outcome was a richly illustrated 20,000-word report published in 12 instalments during September and October of that year. The reporter's identity was hidden behind *the nom de plume* "Lim."

The series, entitled "A Nazi travels to Palestine," begins with *the clarion call* "Shalom! *Shalom*!" and continues: "There lies the solution. *It is* the standard greeting among Zionists. Something like our *'Heil!'*"

On the train to Trieste, Lim has a chance to observe the migrating *halutzim* and notices that, besides the swagger, there is a change in their appearance. "They carry their shoulders better, have lost the ghetto-look from their eyes. Most of them, although intellectuals, have learned a trade. They have been trained for the land, *their land*, Eretz Israel." He chuckles over their youthful ardency which, he imagines, will soon evaporate in the face of the harsh reality.

In Trieste he boards the "Martha Washington" of the Lloyd Triestino line; nicknamed "The Roaring Moses," it is one of the vessels of the "Jew-Shuttle." The line has a "token Jew" as captain. Most of the 750 passengers travel steerage with four, six or eight to a cabin. Their leader is called the "Kosher Kommissar." Apart from the crew, Lim is the only "goy" on board. He notes that only in the steerage dining room is the food kosher, from which he concludes that only poor Jews are observant. Yet nobody writes or smokes on the Sabbath. There are a number of "professionals" on board who travel as "tourists" before finally deciding to settle in Palestine. Regarded with suspicion by the *halutzim*, who call them "January Zionists" (probably after Hitler's advent to power in January 1933), they form a group apart. The passengers pass the time singing Hebrew songs, doing gymnastics, dancing the hora and learning Hebrew.

Lim gets into conversation with a Jew, apparently for the first time in his life, and is given the Zionist spiel with all clichés blazing.

AS WE NEAR the coast of Palestine the tension mounts. Soon they will face the British immigration officers. These last six months only 5,000 certificates of entry have been issued; exceptions are made for artisans with a minimum of four years' trade experience, and capitalists, i.e. anyone with £1,000, who are more than welcome. The latter category opens the way for all sorts of fraud, since the guarantee is often transferred to others. The so-called tourists, once their three-month visas have expired, evaporate administratively speaking, melt away into the yishuv, like *thieves in the night*.

The ship anchors at Jaffa where Lim enthuses over the sight of a swastika on the flag of a German freighter. For, despite the boycott of German goods by the Jews, Germany is Palestine's second largest supplier after Britain. Most of the immigration officers are Jews instructing those permitted to report to quarantine stations for three consecutive days.

Lim disembarks in Haifa, whose industrial might impresses him. He suffers from the heat and the sandflies, which transmit papadachia — a fever-producing affliction. He observes that if Palestine is the gateway to India, then Haifa is the key to the gate, and he analyses its strategic position.

When it comes to describing towns, landscapes and the feel of the environment, Lim is very good indeed, if at times a little *'schwärmich'*, a Germanic form of soft-centred enthusiasm. Having to clear his car through customs he is told to come back the next day, *"Bukra, insh'allah."* One more night on the "Roaring Moses." He gets into conversation with a young Palestinian displaying the symbol of a seven-branched candelabrum in his lapel. He describes him as a "Trumpeldor Man," one of the fascists among the Jews, the Revisionists under their *Führer*, Jabotinsky, the *enfant terrible* at Jewish congresses who will not forgive the British for having disarmed the Jewish Legion after World War I. Their stormtroopers are dressed in chocolate-brown shirts and shorts, complete with Sam Browne belts and insignia of rank on their shoulder tabs.

Arab soldiers patrol the quays and even ship-to-shore conversations are strictly forbidden. One Arab soldier at the railing, believing Lim to have been refused landing permission, gives him the glad eye and in the privacy of the toilets proposes to smuggle him ashore after dark by dinghy. Of course it will cost money, quite a bit in fact, for if detected they will be fired on by the harbour police. So there will be another vanished Jew — who cares? Lim declines the offer and goes on to describe the plight of the immigrant with a modicum of sympathy.

TO CLEAR his car he is sent from pillar to post, back and forth through the sand. Baksheesh is *demanded left*, right and centre. The clearing itself costs less than a pound. The Arab porters demand a king's ransom and Lim somewhat enigmatically remarks, "How the father of money became the grandfather of avarice," and: "How the novice to the Orient has no idea about the greasy greed of this impudent horde."

Petrol is sold in 18-litre tins. One sees many cars with German number-plates. The roads are good, most cars are of American make. The road to Tel Aviv leads via Afula and Tulkarm. He is stopped for speeding, but, not being Jewish, he is let off with a warning. Afula was to have been the great centre, but, half finished, it had to be abandoned, as had the building housing the municipal theatre. Here the land speculators either went bust or compensated themselves elsewhere.

Jenin is the fruitbowl of Palestine, since no fruit or vegetables may be trucked south because of black scale. By the roadside a camel-train moves with the majestic pace of ancient civilizations.

Lim pays homage to the intense afforestation efforts of the Jews, especially the Herzl Forest. He compares the quality and road manners of Jewish buses favourably with those of the Arabs. He has been warned of highway robbers and when his car gets stuck in a gully he thinks it is a trap. But a settlement truck draws up with a Jew at the wheel and two Arabs in the back; they help him; the Arabs demand baksheesh, the Jew refuses any remuneration.

Along the roadside, citrus groves, "plung-plung-plung, the pumps sing the worksong of this fertile land." He passes through Petah Tikva and the next stop is Tel Aviv, heralded by a modern electricity-generating station. He is stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic at the rail crossing. "Cars, cyclists, pedestrians, all in European dress, wide roads, well-lit shop-windows. Where are you, Asia? This, then, is Tel Aviv, a town without goyim, the town of the Jews."

TEL AVIV has a building mania, and more houses are built here in a month than in European towns in a year. Structures rise and the ground floor is occupied while the walls of the second floor are still being cast. One pays a year's rent in advnace, moves in after six or nine months. There may be no windows yet, but you have four walls of your own.

Lim tells a joke, undeniably Germanic. A man rents a shop. Knowing the treacherous ways of his compatriots, his lawyer draws up a watertight contract. Later a friend tells him that the building is about to be pulled down. End of joke, *mein Herr*.

On Shabbat the Arabs do a roaring trade selling lemonade, driving *droshkes* and cleaning the streets. There are quarrels between the Orthodox and the secular Zionist workers who ignore the abuse of the Sabbath Guardians. In Tel Aviv there is always something afoot. There are *razzias* (raids against illegal immigrants) and informers do a roaring trade. But all to no avail since they lead to clashes between the British and the vigilant Jews who recently managed to liberate a paddy-wagon full of prisoners in the middle of town. The armoured cars in this instance arrived too late.

The presence of the Revisionists, the radical fascistic Jews, makes Tel Aviv a restive town. Overcrowding makes it burst at the seams. The sea to the west, Jaffa to the south, and to the east the 50-year-old German Templar colony Sarona, which refuses to sell land to the Jews, causing real-estate values to soar. These days cement-mixers and asphalt barrels are the symbols of Tel Aviv, an overcrowded city where rooms are virtually unobtainable, and where everyone runs about looking for work, a small version of America. The exceptions are the beaches and cafés where one finds most of Berlin West and where German, not Hebrew, is the current language. These places have as little to do with the real Palestine as their habitués with Palestine's workers.

Yet there are Jews who can't stand the place. He tells of a distinguished, well-to-do family of would-be immigrants who had to wait a week for their "lift" to arrive. That week was all they needed to decide that Palestine wasn't for them. "Living exclusively among Jews? Who can stand that? Look at those primitive shops." When their lift arrived they left on the same boat — lift, dog and all.

The British and the Arabs avoid Tel Aviv where everything — public offices, police, hospitals — is Jewish. Understandably here the Jewish heart beats faster. In their pride and joy they accept inferior goods, shoddy service and overpricing. But their industries are making headway and, what with the Jewish commercial acumen and talent for organization, one should not underestimate its potential.

He describes at length Tel Aviv in the throes of Purim and the *adloyada*, whose theme that year is "Jews all over the World." "The parade passes and the Old Testament arises. Emblems of the 12 tribes, Levites, warriors, the people. Caricatures of countries of the Diaspora. Poland — the Jew is hounded, longs for Palestine; Russia — the Jews suffer religious persecution; America — the Jews are swimming in money, but for Palestine their pockets are empty; France — the Jews are assimilated, dance in a bar, the placard reads: 'We are no longer Jews'; Germany is presented as a three-headed dragon covered in swastikas. The *totzeret ha'aretz* float is linked to a call to boycott 'Made in Germany'."

NEXT HE VISITS Tel Mond, Lord Melchett's orange groves, and remarks that his lordship leases his land to the workers who eventually will be the owners. He compares this with the poor fellah and his lazy, outmoded feudal ways. A glutton for punishment, he boards an Arab bus but cannot stand the dirt or the stench.

There follows a detailed description of the citrus industry, highlighting the fact that the Arab growers can only compete by underpaying their workers. He sees the need to diversify agriculture. (Incidentally, the pictures used to illustrate the articles could be used in any Zionist propaganda brochure.)

On the way to Jerusalem Lim visits a textile factory, Assis, Lydda airport and the youth colony of Ben Shemen, where revolutionary educational methods are applied.

THE BRASS medal was struck in Germany in 1934. On the obverse side the inscription read: "A Nazi travels to Palestine..." The text on the reverse side: "... and tells about it in *Der Angriff*." This was the Nazi daily edited by Dr. Josef Goebbels. The medal was to advertise a series of 12 articles describing a visit to Palestine by a Nazi traveller signing himself "Lim." His in-depth reportage was a glowing "Zionist" account of how the Jews in general and German Jews in particular were faring in their new homeland. I subsequently wrote an article on Lim's travelogue in which I wondered who Lim was and what had become of him. A helpful reader provided part of the answer: "Lim" was the nom-de-plume of Leopold Itz Edler von Mildenstein, (left) the head of Dept. II-112 of the *Judenreferat* (Jewish section) at *Sicherheits Dienst* (security services) HQ. Intrigued by Lim's paean on Jewish Palestine and curious about Dept. II-12, the forerunner of the notorious IV-B-4, I set out to examine the department's history.

Wim van Leer

Prelude to the Holocaust

Wim van Leer

IT WAS A much sobered *Scharführer* (Sergeant) Adolf Eichmann who, after joining the heroic-sounding "Security Service of the *Reichsführer* SS" in Berlin, found himself in charge of a card-index system concerning those enemies of the people, the Freemasons. A chance meeting with Sergeant von Mildenstein, the man in charge of Dept. II-112, the *Judenreferat* (Jewish section) of Gestapo HQ at Wilhelmstrasse, resulted in a transfer which set Eichmann on the career that was to elevate him to a position of power in the extermination machinery and so, via Argentina and the Israeli judicial process, to the gallows.

Sergeant Leopold Itz Edler von Mildenstein, a scion of impoverished Austrian minor nobility, was an engineer by profession, a globetrotter at heart and a *literateur* by aspiration who had joined the SS in 1932. He had been motivated by a sense of adventure and the fact that he was not gainfully employed at the time. Also, the élitist image of the SS seemed most attractive to an aristocrat *déclassé*.

He was put in charge of Dept. II-112, whose task it was to formulate policy and establish a process that would rid Germany of its Jews. Emigration seeming to be the only solution, Mildenstein canvassed the various Jewish organizations to facilitate an orderly exodus.

At that time there were in the SS a substantial number of intellectuals to whom Goebbels's and Julius Streicher's vulgar anti-Semitism was anathema, since it damaged the new Germany's reputation in the world, without advancing the solution to the Jewish question. Fact was that the Nazi Party had never been able to decide how to put its anti-Semitic policies into practice; Hitler's *Mein Kampf* did not even conceive of anti-Semitic legislation. The German philosopher Alfred Rosenberg held that "Jews must be recognized as a nation resident in Germany" but "excluded from all positions of authority in politics, culture and industry." The "Reichs Health Leader," SS *Standartenführer* Dr. Conti, even declared that "the Jews are not an inferior but a different race."

THE OBVIOUS country for Jews was Palestine, which von Mildenstein visited to evaluate the possibilities for himself. For two months he travelled the length and breadth of Palestine – according to his travelogue, he travelled alone, but in fact he was accompanied by his wife and by a Jewish couple called Tuchler. Kurt Tuchler was a retired judge *living in Berlin and preparing for* aliya; he was sponsored by the Jewish Agency with a view to gaining von Mildenstein's confidence and goodwill.

Meanwhile the emigration possibilities to other European countries, as well as to North and South America, were leisurely explored, involving much travel. And at the same time a huge bureaucracy was busy erecting barriers to Jewish emigration. The need for permission, attestation, clearance, certification and confirmation did little to speed the departing on their way. One example must suffice. Every emigrant needed a certificate stating that he or she had honourably served in the Hitler Youth – to which no Jew could belong.

The *Judenreferat* had two sections: first, the assimilatory organization (to many of whose members the word Jew was malodorous, hence the name "Organization of German Citizens of the Mosaic Persuasion"); second, the section that dealt with "Zionist organizations, world Zionism and the orthodox religious."

Sergeant Eichmann soon found himself in charge of the latter, where his first task was to prepare a condensation of Herzl's *Der Judenstaat,* which advocated political aims much in line with those of the party. This publication was meant as a guide for the SS rank and file.

The easy-going von Mildenstein had cultivated good relations with many prominent Jews. There were *discreet social meetings* and often small gifts were exchanged at holiday times. He was a lonely man – his wife, having little taste for life in rented rooms on a sergeant's salary, had returned to her parents' home in the Rhineland.

Being a widely-travelled and well-read man, he found much in common with the Jews whom he was supposed to rid the state of. As a result, the work of II-112 was ineffective, to say the least – a fact which did not escape the attention of his subordinate, Eichmann.

Planning a "palace revolution," Eichmann cultivated a friendly alliance with Heinrich Müller, the head of the Gestapo. Eichmann's chance came early in 1936, when von Mildenstein wangled a trip to the U.S. in connection with *Autobahn* construction. In his absence Eichmann, in league with Sergeant Herbert Hagen and with the connivance of Müller, brought about von Mildenstein's dismissal. (After von Mildenstein was dismissed, he resigned from the SS and transferred to the Foreign Press Section of the Ministry of Propaganda.)

THE GERMANS at that time had an efficient intelligence network operating in Palestine under the command of Dr. Reichert, the bureau chief of the German News Service (DNB). His second-in-command was Otto von Bolschwingh, a German hardaware importer resident in Haifa. They had three Jewish *Zuträger* (informers) on their payroll:

□ Feivel Polkes, born in Poland on September 11, 1900, a high-ranking officer in the Hagana whose salary was £20 per month (a royal sum at the time), paid through the templer Bank.

□ Karl Löwy of Jerusalem, whose non-Jewish wife had a brother in the SA. Monthly salary £5.

□ A. Klein of Haifa, monthly salary £5.

On one of Polkes's debriefing visits to Gestapo HQ in Berlin he was introduced to Eichmann who, on February 26, 1937 took him to lunch at the Taube restaurant near the zoo. During this meeting Polkes told him about conditions in Palestine, especially about the structure and duties of the Hagana. Eichmann was much impressed with this novel version of the militant Jew, and Polkes invited him to visit Palestine to see for himself.

There was a long internal quibble about who was to accompany Eichmann. Dieter Wisliceny, who outranked Eichmann, insisted on going; but after Müller's intervention, Hagen was selected, and on September 28, 1937 they set sail on the S.S. Romania from Constanza, pretending to be "journalists."

During a short stop-over in Haifa they briefly met Dr. Reichert (the greater part of their mission being connected with intelligence activities), and went sightseeing on the Carmel "in a Jewish taxi."

In Cairo they applied for visas to visit Palestine, but because of the Arab riots and their "journalist" status, they were turned down by the British. So Dr. Reichert and Feivel Polkes went to Cairo and a number of meetings took place on October 10 and 11 (some in Groppi's café).

From their conversations it is clear that, despite their adversary politics, the parties had one overriding and immediate interest in common: Jewish migration. The Germans wanted the Jews *out* of Germany, the Hagana wanted the Jews *in* Palestine.

In Polkes, Eichmann saw a type of Jew more to his liking, and the subject of active collaboration was broached. He instructed Polkes to investigate which organization was behind the murder of Wilhelm Gustloff, the Swiss *Nazifürher,* by David Frankfurter in February 1936. He tried to pressure Polkes by mention-

(Continued on page 6)

Prelude to the Holocaust

(Continued from page 5)

ing the recent arrest of two Hagana operatives involved in illegal arms deals – one Shalomi, and Hamburg-born David Shaltiel. Eichmann was willing to trade their release against the Gustloff information.

Polkes requested an increase in the amount of money Jews could take out of Germany under the existing arrangements by undertaking to promote and sell German goods all over the Middle East. (Eventually a special bank – the Zilcha Bank – was established in Beirut for these transactions, at a time when world Jewry was promoting a worldwide boycott of German products.)

Eichmann initially rejected this plan, it not being in the German interest to export Jewish capital since he first wanted to force the emigration of impecunious Jews. But he did not openly voice his hostility to the Haavara Transfer Agreement so as not to prejudice the Gustloff investigation.

HERE I MUST digress and say something about the ambiguous personality and functions of Feivel Polkes, who died in Israel in 1982.

I have two documents which confirm that Polkes was an informer: a six-page internal report of the Gestapo dated 17.6.37 and signed by Dr. Franz Six, head of Gestapo Section VII (ideology); and a 54-page report of the Eichmann/Hagen journey. There are receipts for money received as well as correspondence about travelling expenses in the Gestapo files.

Could Polkes have been a double agent? Hagana sources deny that Polkes was ever a member of that body, let alone a high-ranking officer. Which does not mean that he was not. Polkes would not be the first spy left out in the cold. Mossad operatives Pino Ginzburg (about whom more later) and Israel Galili disavow him. Another Mossad stalwart states that "Polkes was a *Hochstapler* [confidence trickster] at best, and a spy worst – possibly the latter."

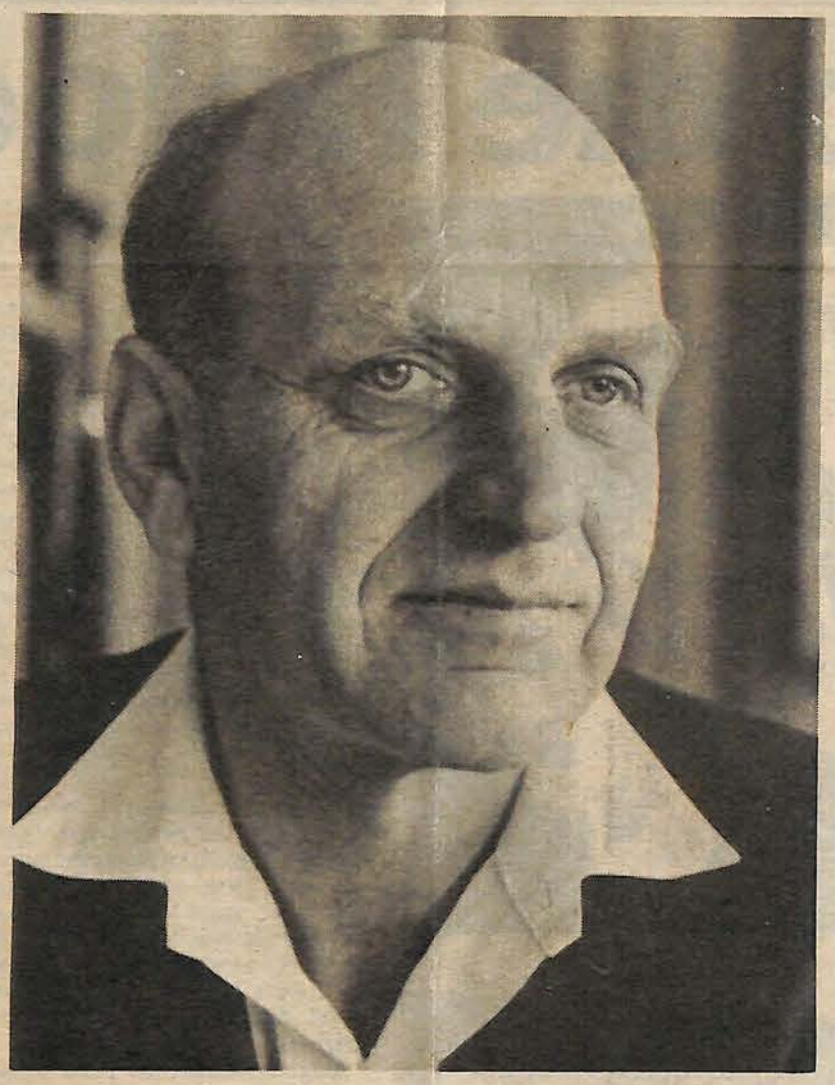
Moreover, Dr. Reichert, under Gestapo instructions, had checked out Polkes's *bona fides*. The high salary and continued payments confirm him as a satisfactory informer.

I recently interviewed Polkes's son, an engineer for whom the whole matter is an enigma. "We never discussed his activities," he said. "My father was a very secretive person."

In 1966 *Der Spiegel* serialized Heinz Höhne's *The Order of the Death's Head*, which is now a standard work on the SS. In December of that year they published some facts about Polkes, who was subsequently interviewed by *Ma'ariv* and *Ha'aretz*. In these interviews Polkes tried to explain away the monthly payments from the Gestapo by saying that these were instalments of money owed by Reichert for building work done. He insisted that he was working under Hagana orders. Reporters' enquiries elicited denials from Hagana and Mossad operatives.

Of the second echelon of informers I have found no traces apart from a notarized document dated November 23, 1937 by von Bolschwingh, which mentions "SS Area Commander (Palestine) Buchhalter" to whom von Mildenstein failed to report on his visit. The latter is "altogether too friendly and involved with Jews... this should be investigated." The complaint was forwarded to Himmler.

ANOTHER discussion between Polkes and Eichmann concerned efforts to obtain landing rights in Cairo or Palestine for Lufthansa. Polkes stated that he could arrange that. However, £20,000 would have to be made available to bribe the authorities concerned. Polkes claimed to have been involved *(beteiligt)* in the foundation of a Polish-Palestinian aviation company, Aviron? He also provided information of a political nature to be passed on to two pro-Soviet Arabs in Berlin, the Emirs Schekib and Adil Arslan. He then informed Eichmann that a powerful communist radio transmitter, mounted on a truck, was operating along the German-Luxembourg border. As a parting gesture Eichmann reduced Polkes's salary to £15 per month, plus £5 for "special efforts."



Mossad operative Pino Ginzburg – liaison with the Gestapo in Berlin.

I have not found any documentation that Polkes's information was detrimental to Hagana interests. But then most *Sicherheits Dienst* (SD) material was destroyed before the collapse.

ALTHOUGH the Eichmann/Hagen trip did not yield spectacular results, it reinforced Eichmann's reputation as an "expert" in Jewish affairs. That this expertise was not reflected in the emigration statistics was due to bureaucratic obstructionism and a lessening of resolve in the higher echelons of the SS. There was little that Sergeant Eichmann could do about that.

But this was soon to change.

Eichmann's chance came with the *Anschluss* in March 1938, when he was transferred to Vienna to take charge of Jewish emigration from the territory of annexed Austria. Having no resident superiors and armed with new powers, he was now free to display his analytical and organizational talents. Realizing that massive paperwork stood between the aspiring emigrant and a stamped passport, he set out to study and short-cut this futile paperchase, putting an end to the friction between the police, state, and party authorities, at the same time devising means to pressure the Jewish community so that emigration became synonymous with deportation. Reporting to Berlin HQ, Eichmann enthused "... you put the papers in at one end of the conveyor belt and the passport comes out at the other."

From his HQ at the palatial Rothschild residence he created the "Central Bureau for Jewish Emigration," and assembled a crew who shared his mania to persecute Jews; he was also aided and abetted by the natural cringing obedience of the Austrian bureaucracy. His funest efforts succeeded beyond expectation. The bureau confiscated money from Jews and within 18 months 150,000 of them had been packed off.

Obstruction to Eichmann's efforts came from an unexpected quarter. The party, with Goebbels and Streicher in the vanguard, became jealous of the SD's "organized interference with anti-Jewish affairs." There were ugly confrontations. In the end Reinhard Heydrich ordered Eichmann to break off all contact with Streicher's cohorts. Heinrich Himmler interceded with Hitler, who instructed Goebbels to keep out of Jewish affairs.

Eichmann's conveyor-belt methods were duly noted at HQ. In the autumn of 1938 he returned to Berlin to tackle the Jewish exodus with new methods and renewed vigour. One watershed event in the Holocaust saga came unexpectedly to his aid – *Kristallnacht*, which landed the bulk of Jewish males in concentration camps. The Gestapo tried to restrain excessive violence so that "the administrative expulsion may take its orderly course." The teleprinter message to all Gestapo and SD offices read: "Jewish businesses and houses are not to be damaged or looted... looters are to be arrested." As it turned out, the order was largely ignored.

In January 1939 Heydrich set up a German replica of Eichmann's Austrian model. That year 78,000 Jews left Germany (in 1938, 40,000 left).

With the takeover of Czechoslovakia, Eichmann was sent to Prague, whence he was able to dispatch a mere 30,000 Jews, the Czech national character being made of sterner stuff than that of the spineless Austrians.

AS WE HAVE seen, the Hagana and the Gestapo had one interest in common, the emigration of as many Jews as possible, preferably to Palestine. *Kristallnacht* was the signal for imaginative action. At that belated moment Eliyahu Golomb, the chief-architect and head of the Hagana, dispatched two trusted operatives to seek contact with the Gestapo in the furtherance of their common aim.

Soon a liaison-office was set up at 10 Meineckestrasse, Berlin, headed by "Mossad-le-Aliya-Bet" operatives Pino Ginzburg (a member of Kibbutz Ramat Hakovesh) and Moshe Averbuch. The Gestapo appointed Captain von Höpfner as a discreet go-between, since neither party wanted to give undue publicity to their collaboration. For that reason the Mossad operated under the cloak of the Hehalutz movement.

Heydrich demanded as a price for his collaboration that 400 Jews be shipped out every week. To that end *hachshara* (agricultural training) camps were established in Germany, releases from custody were arranged and ships were chartered. The Mossad had three vessels under charter: the Colorado, sailing from Susak in Yugoslavia, ostensibly for Mexico; the transfer vessel Otrato, which took on passengers off Corfu for the final leg to Palestine; the Dora, which operated out of Dutch ports. Later on Heydrich allowed the ships to sail from Emden and Hamburg.

Thus some 3,000 youngsters were saved, plus 2,000 who were sent to training camps outside Germany. At the outbreak of World War II, the Hagana-Gestapo liaison office was closed. Of the Jews within the Reich some 200,000 remained trapped within its borders; of these, 170,000 were liquidated.

The invasion of Poland in September 1939, of Western Europe in 1940, and of Russia in 1941 brought some 10 million Jews within the German orbit as the frontiers for possible escape were closing. Even so, section II-12, renamed IV-B-4 early in 1941, plodded on with political and administrative solutions, such as settlement in Madagascar, forced settlement in "Jewish provinces" in Poland and beyond the Ural Mountains. But with the military reverses, these plans had to be abandoned. This situation was recognized at the Wannsee conference in January 1942, which gave the nod to the policy of liquidation. The rest is history.

VON MILDENSTEIN must have watched the meteoric rise to power of his one-time adversary, Adolf Eichmann, with awe and dismay. Opportunistic as ever, von Mildenstein humbly requested reinstatement in the SS, which was granted to him in October 1940.

As an offering of contrition he rewrote the articles on his Palestine journey for publication in book form, this time with a strong anti-Semitic bias. *A Curbside View of the Middle East* was published in 1941. Quote: "In the Tel Aviv cafés you will find the old guard of the *Kurfürstendamm*, but only those who have not been robbed (by their fellow Jews)... They have not learned Hebrew since they hope to move on to America. There they hope to find innocent dolts waiting to be swindled by them."

Another quote: "Between 1936 and 1939 the Jews have killed over 10,000 Arabs, driven out another 50,000 and put 16,000 in concentration camps."

Second-Lieutenant von Mildenstein managed to stay out of the army. After the war his fortunes changed when he became public relations chief for Coca Cola in Germany. It was not to last. The prosecution in the Eichmann trial, giving the court a potted history of Eichmann's career in Dept. II-112, dwelt on the role of his "mentor" von Mildenstein. The story did not please those in charge of public relations at Coca Cola's head office, who no doubt felt that the news might

lead to a distaste for their product by their Jewish clientele. Von Mildenstein was summarily dismissed. He struggled along for some time and then blew his brains out.

I tracked down his widow in a small town in Westphalia. She did not know that her husband had been in the SS – she never saw him in uniform, never read his books. When I showed her the voluminous documentation dug out of the SS archives, she shrugged her shoulders. "People can write anything. Paper is patient." As a German saying has it, "What shouldn't be, cannot be!" So be it.

THERE HAVE BEEN many crimes against humanity, but none on the Nazi scale and none that have been so well documented (thanks to the German penchant for administrative order). And there are few war criminals whose cases have been as fully documented and investigated as that of Adolf Eichmann. We have the Sassen revelations, the Less interrogation, the official trial records, and the Servatius papers. All this will enable future historians, less emotionally affected than my generation, to evaluate the evidence and formulate conclusions. It is more rewarding to evaluate the actions of one war criminal, however complex and far-reaching, than to try to grapple with a "six-million" abstraction.

(This is the last of three articles.) □

© Wim van Leer, 1985.

The baptism medal, 1650.

Execution of Joseph Suss Oppenheimer, 1738.

The corn-Jew, minted in 1923.

(Collection of the Israel Museum Jerusalem)

reverse we read: "Poverty cries out/ The corn-yid laughs/thinking he has done well."

In yet another version we see a woman threatening a Jew with her fists. "Avarice is the root of all evil" reads the legend.

IN 1923, a time of massive inflation compared to which Aridor's mickey-mouse economics look like child's play, the corn-Jew, dormant for a century and a half, was revived. On the obverse we see a fat naked man with Jewish features sitting on a pile of corn. The legend reads: "Whether Jew or Christian, the usurer is a scoundrel." On the reverse we read: "Without doubt a person is sometimes another's devil." Its creator, one Fritz Hörnlein, was at least even-handed.

Fire, which in 1711 and again in 1721 destroyed the Frankfurt ghetto, is a subject for rejoicing as well as revealing the hand of God. Rumour had it that Rabbi Naphtali Cohen had been experimenting with Kabbalistic formulas against such conflagrations. He was arrested but found innocent. The fire had its satisfactory side, since it was revealed that many promissory notes signed by Christians had been consumed by the flames. All the medals on this theme show burning buildings and desperate, escaping Jews.

One legend reads: "O fate, wonderful and lamentable! O, days of happiness and pain, since in Frankfurt am Main the Judengasse went up in flames."

Another version dwells on the miracle that Christian houses were spared, once more revealing that God was on the side of the angels and suggesting that, if only the Jews had converted to the true faith, they too would have escaped the disaster.

Yet another legend is worth quoting: "Jew! What use are tricks, your *shem hammephorascht* [the full name of God]. The *Malachesch* [Angel of fire] speaks. Humbug! Your lamentations won't catch me if you don't make *tschuba* [return to the true faith) and honour *Rab Ieschua* [Jesus]. You will perish in *esch* [fire] despite your many *battim* [houses]." It is interesting to note that Christian Wermuth, the creator of this medal, used terms he heard from Frankfurt Jews.

MEDALS OF DERISION minted in more recent, and therefore more enlightened, times, say from the end of the 19th century, are mainly dedicated to Stöcker, Ahlwardt and Puckler — all practising political anti-Semites in the best German tradition. They share the slogan "Hep! Hep!" *(Hierosalyma est perdita)*, often followed by "Jew perish!" or "Death to the Jews!" The Nazis incorporated this sentiment in their battle-cry of *"Deutschland erwache! Juda verrecke!"*

Legends vary: "A real German/ does not like Jews"; and "Courage reveals the Mameluk" (sic?); and "Chuzbe is a Jewish decoration."

In more recent times many medals were minted to celebrate the assassination of Kurt Eisner, a leader of the 1918 Munich *putsch* who became prime minister of Bavaria in November 1918 and was killed in February 1919 by a half-Jew, Count Arco Valley.

One version shows Eisner dancing with Lenin; another suggests that he was paid by the Allies to deliver Germany into a shameful peace. The Jews were blamed for Germany's defeat, which became later part of the "stab in the back" myth. But whatever the medals' ethical purpose or historical accuracy, those created by Kurt Götz are superb examples of the medallist's art.

Finally, a medal that brings us to 1939 and depicts a German soldier in a steel helmet with a Nazi emblem. The marginal legend reads "Germany fights for peace against the shameful Treaty of Versailles." On the reverse we see a bald "Streicher" Jew fronted by cannon shells and a well-filled purse. The legend asks: "Whom do our enemies fight for?"

Plus ça change...

THE OLD coin-dealer near the Ku-Damm eyed me suspiciously. No, *mein Herr*, that type of coin is no longer around, at least not in Germany. Maybe over there," he shrugged towards East Berlin. "I wouldn't know. Even if I did have one, and I assure you that I don't, I wouldn't be allowed to sell it to you."

When I protested that the law only applied to coins and medals with Nazi emblems or connotations, he shook his head. "It is time that all that was forgotten. It did not bring us much *mazel*, as you would call it.

"I have Palestinian coins from Mandatory days," he continued. "Very popular they are, investment-wise. But anti-Semitic medals, that's too delicate a question these days."

"Somebody must have bought them," I suggested.

"Maybe the Jews. Numismatics are a good investment these days. The Jews have a nose for that." He chuckled at his own joke. Then he saw me to the door and with a short bow and a faint click of the heels, said goodbye.

MEANWHILE, back at the Institute for Contemporary History, the 12-part Palestinian odyssey from *Der Angriff* had been traced and copied. □

This is the first of two articles

The Jerusalem Post Magazine, Page eleven
April 6, 1984

informant. "You see, he was an only son himself and *he* shot *his* father."

Slavery was as common as homicide in the Hindu Kush and, in fact, it still crops up in Pakistan and India. In 1979, for example, the first secretary was discovered to be keeping a slave in the garage of the Indian High Commission in London. In the remoter valleys of the Frontier, men were the unit of currency. A hunting dog cost one male slave, for example, and a sturdy pony might fetch two females, "preferably fair and fourteen." You can practically hear the haggling:

"How much do you want for that Lee-Metford rifle?"

"Three maidens."

"I'll give you two and a very small boy."

IN THE DAYS when Afghans and their ilk were rather less fashionable than they are today, Kipling described another of their unattractive habits:

When you're lying half-dead on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come down to cut up the remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your God like a soldier.

If anything, they are even more horrid today. One of the English Sunday colour supplements recently published a photograph of a group of Afghan rebels camping near the skeleton of some poor Russian conscript. It was clear that they had no intention of giving the pathetic bundle of bones a decent burial.

During the century-long struggle with the Raj, it was sometimes possible to discern a Pathan version of sportsmanship, even though this was distorted as though seen in a fun-fair mirror. In one skirmish, for instance, it is a matter of record that when the tribesmen noticed that the British troops were aiming badly, one of them stood up "as if he were the marker on a firing range" and signalled to them to raise their rifle sights.

This attitude was also apparent at a *jirga* held to impose a peace settlement on the Afridis in 1908 when one of their leaders demanded that the political agent acknowledge that they'd fought well and then followed this up with a demand that they be issued the same campaign medal as the army.

I must admit that this does sound suspiciously like Jewish *hutzpa*.

THERE IS another side to the Pathans, however. I would much rather avoid discussing it but, facing as we are the prospect of *aliya* from the North-West Frontier, I feel I cannot in all conscience avoid this unpleasant duty.

I trust it may be a work of supererogation to warn you against the grosser forms of immorality. The fact is, to use the currently acceptable jargon, the Pathans are notoriously confused about their sexual identity. Indeed, they show a cavalier and extraordinarily catholic ambivalence of the sort once attributed to Gandhi, who is reputed to have said to his aide,

"Please bring me a maid,
Or a goat, or whatever is handy."

Here we come to the crunch of the matter. Who needs, now of all times, twenty million impetuous Pushtu-speaking poofters arriving on our doorstep? Not only are they murderously inclined but, after studying their photographs, I wouldn't put it past them to vote the straight Agudat Yisrael ticket.

HISTORIANS AGREE that one of the causes of the First Afghan War was that the British officers of Macnaghten's mission in Kabul were too flagrant in accepting the favours of neglected Afghan wives. The result of all this slap and tickle was that of a 16,000-strong army that began the retreat to India in 1842, only one survivor, an army surgeon, reached Jallalabad. You can see Lady Butler's painting of Dr. Brydon in the Tate Gallery.

Colonel William Lockhart suffered a fate worse that death when he tried to incorporate Kafiristan into India's defences against the Russian threat in 1885 and was advised to make a blood-brother of Gumara, a tribal leader who was reputed to have killed 29 men. To Lockhart's surprise and indignation, the ceremony did not follow the stereotyped mingling of blood from cuts in the arm. Instead, according to John Keay's *The Gilgit Game*, "Lockhart's coat and shirt were hastily torn open, yak butter was rubbed on his left nipple and... Gumara sucked like a vampire as the colonel winced in pain."

There was no false modesty about these goings-on. Pathan regiments marched to the famous Pushtu song, *The Wounded Heart*. "There's a boy across the river with a bottom like a peach," 800 voices would roar in unison, "but, alas, I cannot swim."

NEXT TO the Gurkhas, the British loved their Pathan troops most of all. I had thought that this was because they admired the martial races of India— the Dogras, Rajputs and Sikhs, for example— for their sheer ferocity. After all, in 1898, Captain Bertie Clay had invented his horrid expanding bullet at Dum Dum, Calcutta, just to stop the otherwise unstoppable Pathans.

Now I'm not so sure.

Some time ago, the *Wall Street Journal* visited the officers' mess of a Pakistani regiment. Drinks were served by Geba Khan, first mess sergeant, who had enlisted in 1910. At 87, the paper reported, he must be one of the oldest soldiers anywhere. The *Journal* asked Geba Khan what the British officers used to do in the evenings half a century ago.

"Play bridge, sir," Geba Khan replied.

"Oh, tell him what else," one of the Pakistani officers interrupted.

"Sodomy, sir."

THE TWO ugliest things in India, Lady Curzon, the American-born vicereine, is reputed to have said, "are a water buffalo and a British soldier dressed in his white uniform." A combination of these two *bêtes noires*, if that's the term, would have given the former Miss Leitner (formerly of Chicago and formerly Jewish) the vapours, but such amalgamations sometimes occurred.

Spike Milligan, of *Goon* fame, who was born in Ahmednagar and grew up in the military cantonments at Poona, once appeared on the BBC-TV series *Tales of the Raj* and told of a young British Other Ranker "desperately in need of sex" who ravished a sacred cow.

At his trial, the prosecution opened the case by saying "on the day of the alleged offence, my client was grazing contentedly in the field". The case was dismissed, however, said Milligan, when the defence cast aspersions on the plaintiff's character by pointing out that "the cow had been cited in a previous case." □

(Next: Never accept a drink from a urologist)